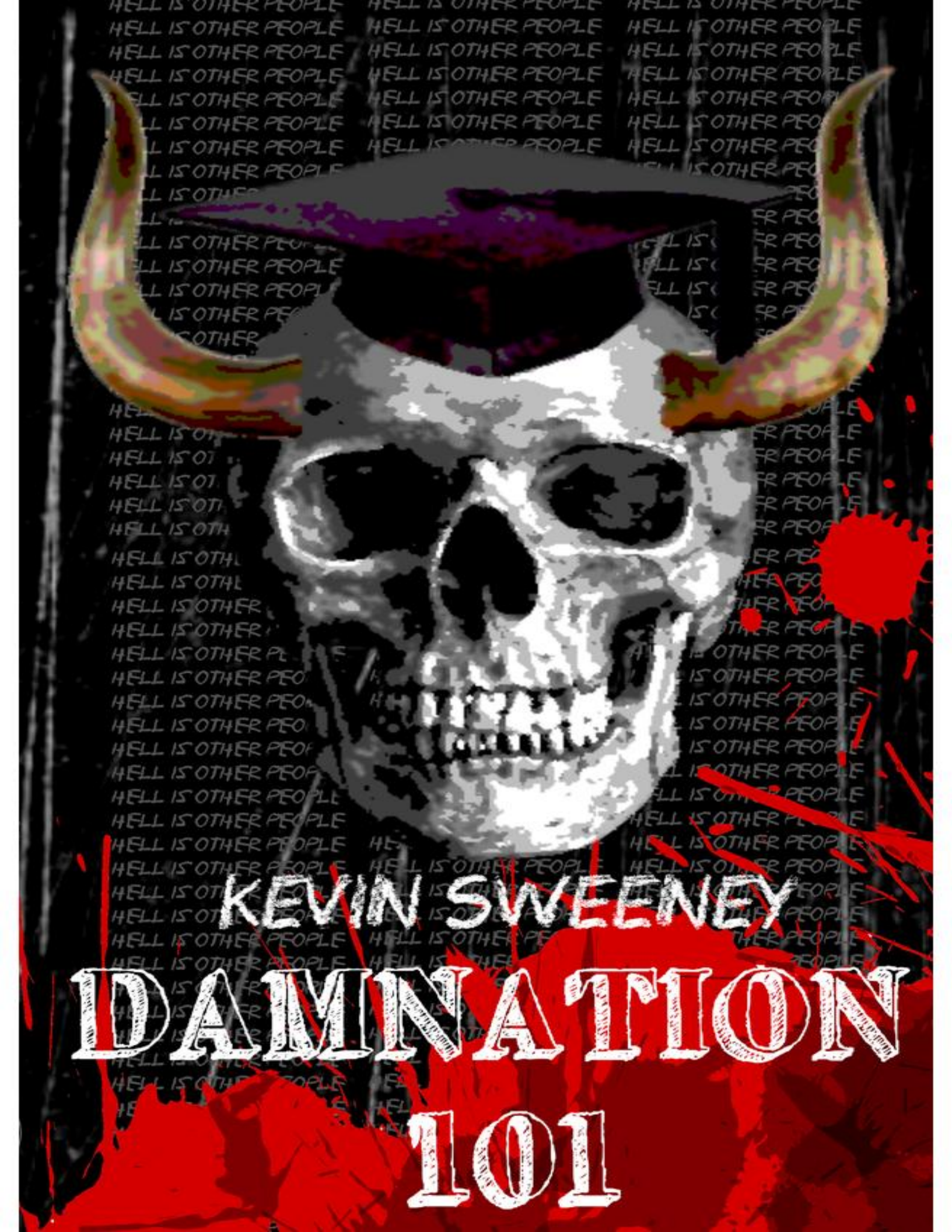
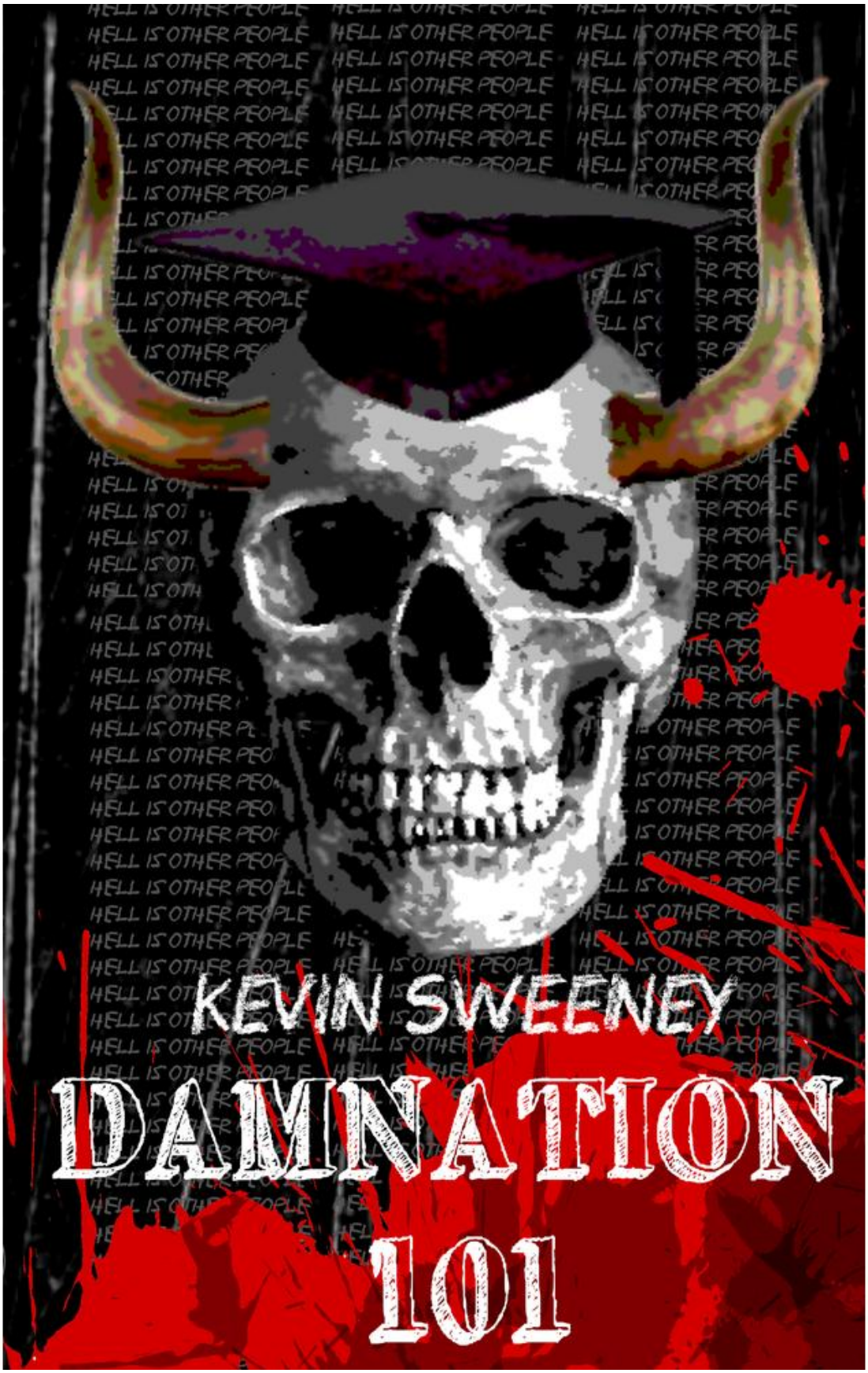

HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE
KEVIN SWEENEY
DAMNATION
101


HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE
KEVIN SWEENEY
DAMNATION
101

DAMNATION 101

Kevin Sweeney

Black Rainbows Press

Copyright © 2013, 2022 Kevin Sweeney
First published by StrangeHouse Books, 2013

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Black Rainbows Press
www.blackrainbowspress.com

We don't need no education...

PROLOGUE
SHREDDED NERVES

RIGHT, BIBBI can do this. Breathe deep and easy. In. Out. In. Out.

Her jitters were bad. But it was show time, and as they say, the show must...

The imp opened her eyes and grinned a wide, pointy grin.

The man and his son were restrained. What they were restrained in looked like giant mechanical spiders lying on their backs, robotic legs on dentist chair bodies, facing each other with a small space between them in which the imp stood. The chairs were soft not with cushions, but successive layers of caked shit and vomit, whilst the frames were twisted and buckled, as if many, many previous occupants had struggled against the restraints, struggled with insane, terror-driven strength.

Such terror as was in the eyes of the two naked new arrivals.

She'd read their file in the thirty seconds she was allowed to see it.

FATHER AND SON. FATALITY: AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

"Welcome to Hell," said the imp brightly. "This," she said, splaying her hands as if to present an incredible gift, namely herself, "Is Bibbidibobbidibu, and Bibbi is going to be your torturer today."

Both father and son made interesting noises behind their ball gags.

"Now, as you are new here, it's Bibbi's duty to give you the skinny, the one-oh-one, the full run down about what goes on down here, how everything works, and just what you can expect in the eternity to come."

Good, Bibbi, good.

She began to pace. This helped her remember each point she needed to go over, the script she had worked on using the approved materials. It kept her calm and let her line up her thoughts.

Improvisation... what had she seen in the file that she could USE?

SUBJECT MARECK OKUZCO: “APPLE OF HIS DADDY’S EYE.” MIRACLE CHILD OWING TO FATHER’S IMPOTENCE, COUPLE RYZARD AND DOMINIKA NEVER THOUGHT THEY WOULD BE ABLE TO HAVE...

“You are dead, but you have bodies. In life you may have had disabilities, or illnesses, or you may have died in such ways that caused massive trauma, but down here you have been given healthy, hearty new flesh—flesh made from erectoplasm. You will find that erectoplasm is almost exactly identical to the flesh and blood you wore in life, and is fully capable of feeling every single sensation that you are familiar with from your earthly incarnation.”

Bibbi stopped in front of the father. He was middle-aged, with wild green eyes and a neat, clipped mustache. He was naked. She reached down and gently clasped his right testicle between thumb and forefinger, as if she were plucking a grape.

She squeezed until it burst like a giant zit.

The man screamed into his ball gag, his pupils dilating, and started to thrash around in the chair, his body on auto-pilot, trying to get away from the source of the agony.

“See? Every single nerve has been recreated.”

Extra credit, go for the extra credit, girl.

She’d memorized some facts that she thought would impress.

“Every single nerve; in fact, if you placed every single one of those nerves end to end, they’d be nearly a hundred miles long, though each of them is only one thousandth of a millimetER wide. And, um... oh yeah, did you know that means that you’ve got more nerve cells in your body than there are stars in the galaxy?”

Blood and semen were oozing out of the man’s flaccid cock. His muffled screaming had become a muffled, soul-deep moaning. His eyes flowed with tears.

And suddenly she had it.

She turned her attention to the little boy. He was all of five years old and had his father’s gorgeous green eyes. They were the green of apples. But they didn’t taste like apples, or grapes, which was what she thought of as she bit into them, because they burst like big juicy grapes.

Bibbi paced again, and with ladylike modesty, stifled a burp.

The little boy was screaming into his gag, but the father was still half in shock from his ruptured testicle. Bibbi used her canine teeth to rip open his scrotum and remove the undamaged twin.

"Don't worry about your balls. You're made of erectoplasm now, remember?"

Oh shit, I forgot to tell him first that...

"Yeah, erectoplasm isn't the same as flesh and blood. I mean, I burst one ball and pulled the other one out; but don't worry, you'll heal up real quick. That's how things work down here, that's how we can torture you forever, because the damage only lasts a while."

The little boy's muffled screaming was distracting. She remembered from the file that he liked to play pirates. She pushed his father's left testicle into one of the child's bloody sockets, an artery and a few nerves dangling down one cheek. One eye, like a pirate.

Humor, she thought, *is good for a few points.*

But now she had to buckle down.

"And we begin," she said.

SUBJECT'S FAVORITE MEMORY: READING SON "GINGERBEARD THE PIRATE". FIRST TIME SON EVER SAID "I LOVE YOU DADDY".

"Our aim today is to replicate pure ecstasy; and what feels better than some good hard fucking? Daddy, if you would be so kind, please fuck your little boy. Just pretend it's that pretty little wife of yours. The one who's still alive. The one who, eventually, will move on with her life and find love with another man."

Horror. Anger.

"No? Hmm, let Bibbi see..." she reached down and gave the older man's limp cock a playful tug. "Come on, Daddy. Get it up for your little boy. What, pirates don't do it for you? Maybe the costume isn't very good... what else do pirates have?"

She picked up a pair of ordinary craft scissors, her tool of choice. She was still improvising, which was exactly the point. It felt good. She was beginning to enjoy herself. Her jitters were taking a backseat to the pleasure of performing.

Focus, Bibbi! You're rolling!

She splayed the fingers of the boy's right hand and used the scissors to snip the webs of skin between each of them. The boy tried to

jerk away, but with one thought, the imp caused the restraints to tighten another notch.

"Uh uh uh," she admonished. "Naughty little pirate. Don't you want to look nice for your daddy? Don't you want to turn your daddy on?"

She grasped his thumb in one hand and the bunch of his fingers in the other. Then she pulled down, hard and fast, like shucking the husk from an ear of corn. She ripped the thumb off in one long pull of wet crackling, twisting the tendon until it snapped.

The boy vomited. Half digested shit -all he had been given to eat since being reborn in Hell- spurted from the sides of the ball gag, and twin streams thundered out of his nostrils.

The father, seeing what was happening, momentarily forgot his own pain and bucked hard against his restraints, eyes furious, roaring against his own gag.

Bibbi sniggered. Then she gripped the little boy's pinky and ripped that off, pulling even the long bones out the side of the palm. Then she did the same again to the ring finger, then the middle, gathering the lengths in one fist. Three fingers and one thumb, nubs of white bone showing through cuffs of ripped skin and torn muscle.

The boy had gone into deep shock, eyes rolled back in his head, body shaking like he was channelling fifty thousand volts. His father still thrashed, primitive instincts to protect his genetic investment causing a red madness to descend, the savage urge to fight overriding the agony of his mangled genitals.

The little boy still had his index finger. It was curled.

"Just like a hook," Bibbi explained.

The older man's eyes were wild.

Bibbi wagged a finger at him. It wasn't hers.

"Oh, looks like Daddy is just about ready to rip his little boy a whole new asshole! Can't wait to get at that darling pink starfish for a little quality time, hmmm?"

The imp produced something that could have been a TV remote control, if televisions had existed in the Victorian era. It was a thing of ivory and polished brass, cogs and cantilevers.

At the flick of a switch, the boy's chair spun upside down and bent into an L-shape. The seat irised open like a camera shutter and presented his ass for show. With another switch, Bibbi caused the father's

chair to snap up straight and bring him forward until his damaged genitals were pressed up against his son's exposed anus.

Bibbi manipulated tiny little handles and a flywheel on her remote to cause the two victims to bump together a few times, tried rubbing Daddy up against Junior a little, trying to get him hard, but the only result was the little' boy's asshole got lubed with blood.

The imp reached in and gave the limp cock in the middle a flick. It dribbled blood.

"No sign of life," she said. "Well, let Bibbi see if she can't jury-rig a little something, hmmm?"

The man tried to move his pelvis, tried to move anything at all to stop her from doing what she did next, but it was no use. He wasn't going anywhere, not even when she took the little boy's fingers and began to push them, one by one, into the tight hole of his urethra.

"Ah, there we go! Oh wow, maybe Bibbi should have clipped the fingernails first? They kinda scrape, don't they? Sorry about that. But hey, look on the bright side, it's working! See?"

She had got most of the fingers stuffed into it. The cock was lumpy looking, and a tendon still protruded from the end, like it was a rickety snake tasting the air.

"Voila!" the imp announced. "What do you think of your BONER?"

That was the punchline, of course, but she still made sure that there was a deep spiritual humiliation to finish the session off by once again causing the chairs to slot their occupants together. She made Daddy rape his son, but seeing as though he was incapable of cumming, she wasn't sure when she should stop.

A voice in the darkness told her when.

"And that's time," it said.

The lights came up. In the front row, Miss Sicsicsic was jotting down notes. Miss Sicsicsic was a plucked bird demon; her head was like an eyeless, beakless turkey, all filthy wattles, and she had a huge peacock tail of bones webbed with vein laced membranes, each fan terminating in an eye the size of a football.

"That's fine, Bibbi," the teacher said dismissively, all of her eyes still fixed on her writing. "The practical part of the exam is over. Now fuck off."

And suddenly all of the imp's jitters were back. She couldn't speak, but swallowed, bowed, and quickly walked off the stage.

She only just made it to the toilet before she vomited, her breakfast rushing up and splattering into the bowl in a tide of yellow slime, broken shells, larval sacs and connective tissue.

When she finally felt the heaving end, she opened her eyes, streaming with tears, a thin skein of snot connecting her nostrils to her lips. A single, burst green eye looked up at her from the mess.

It was over.

Fuck, she always got such NERVES before a test!

CHAPTER ONE
THE BEST DAYS OF YOUR AFTERLIFE

SHE HAD thought that Hell couldn't get any worse, and then she got detention.

Which totally fucking sucked.

The Beast peered through the window at her, the giant eye taking up the entire glass pane. It sniggered, a sound as huge as an earth tremor, shaking the entire hallway. Its sniggering sounded like Godzilla had just been kicked in the balls. Then, suddenly bored, the Beast got up from its crouch and strode skyscraper strides away, to peep in other windows and view the suffering of the teeming billions.

There were voices from behind the door. Many voices speaking as one. She was late.

Zsa Zsa sighed, then pushed the doors open to enter the library. The talking stopped, but the voices picked up again a moment later.

"Ah, so very nice of you to join us, Miss Zyzzyva." Mr. Rhadamanthus turned slightly to acknowledge her presence.

Zsa Zsa slouched to a seat. Her fellow detainees watched her—some with smirks, others with studied boredom. She sat down, casually raised her middle finger and broadcast it to the room at large without even bothering to look at who she was flipping the bird to. The generation XXX way of saying howdy.

Mr. Rhadamanthus, in charge of student discipline, was judge, jury, and executioner all rolled into one. Literally. His barrel-shaped body was topped by heads only slightly smaller (fourteen in all), stacked one atop the other like a totem pole. Twelve good men and true, plus a gray-wigged judge and hooded hangman, carrying a sledgehammer gavel and a double-headed battle ax for instant dispensation of justice.

Once Zsa Zsa had finished introducing herself, he picked up where he had left off.

"As I was saying before the delightful Miss Zyzzyva deigned to grace us with her presence—welcome to detention. You are to spend the

next few hours bored to fucking tears. You are not to spend this time productively, and particularly, you are not to come to any personal epiphanies, or indeed any other possible form of self-discovery. You may spend the time psychologically tormenting each other, particularly by undermining each other's sense of self-worth. There's bonus credit available if you can drive at least one other student to self-harm, and a special commendation if this results in a suicide attempt, successful or not. Remember, school is not a place of learning, but rather a place for various tasty cuts of meat to be ground down into a uniform gray paste."

A devil's dozen plus one set of eyes scanned bored, apathetic faces and nodded in satisfaction.

"I'm going to be down the hall in my office jacking off. I don't want to hear a peep out of any of you. Got it?"

There was a single yawn for an answer from the assembled detainees.

Mr. Rhadamanthus left, a stiffening under his judicial robes as he contemplated surfing the Akashic record for porn.

"Prick," said somebody.

"Fucking douche," said another.

Mr. Rhadamanthus was not well regarded.

And so the students were left alone in the library.

Zsa Zsa was very aware of the fact that the other students were dropping their feigned cool indifferences now that the authority figure was gone, and that meant they were going to start being interested in her. She tried to make out like she wasn't aware that the focus in the room was swinging her way by studying her surroundings.

Every single book in the entire library was either the Necronomicon or Ayn Rand. Everything was covered in thick, thick dust, because reading was for fucking losers, and who even needed books when you could just surf the Akashic record for any information you needed?

"So. You is her. You is the human."

Zsa Zsa sighed and prepared herself for anything from being raped to just plain mutilated. She turned to face them.

The student who had addressed her had turned backwards in his chair to look at her. He looked like someone had twisted together a Mexican wrestler and a demonic unicorn: muscles strained in his dia de los muertos themed costume, his codpiece an inverted human skull, and his single

spiraling black horn poked through a hole in the top of his lucha libre mask. The ripped-off faces of his kills were impaled onto his horn, grisly trophies.

"The name's Zsa Zsa, shithead. Zsa Zsa Zyzzyva," she told him. The mask meant she couldn't read his face, but nobody sat backwards on a chair, arms folded over the back, unless they were relaxed.

"I am El Pendejo," he told her, flexing his muscles. "And let me tell you, chica, that I am thinking about raping you."

"Not quite so fast, my taco-bending chum." The voice was prep-school WASP, nasal, snobby, the kind of voice which vacationed in Aspen. "I'm afraid I'll have to throw my halo into the ring vis-a-vis destroying that cunt."

Zsa Zsa turned to look at the beautiful face the voice belonged to; beautiful, that was, save for the compound eyes and mandible pincers. A fallen angel, judging by the cracked halo fitfully sparking like the neon of the cheapest of strip joints, his loose-fitting diaphanous robes no longer whiter than white but stained with a thousand and one sins, all the colors of a black rainbow. The stumps of his clipped wings peaked over his shoulders, and all four of his arms were crossed, underlining his superior smirk.

El Pendejo's knuckles whitened, his head twisted to one side in a question.

"The fuck did you call me, homes?"

"I called you a tacodaemon," said the fallen angel. "Clever play on the more familiar 'cacodaemon'. And the name is Dro)))ne, not homes. D-R-O-N-E, with three parentheses following the O. The parentheses are silent, like in the popular music acts Sunn O))) and The Co)))elacanths."

The demonic unicorn looked puzzled. The expression suited his face, looked comfortable there, making Zsa Zsa think that maybe a lot of things puzzled him.

Zsa Zsa decided to break the moment of potential ultra-violence.

"Listen, guys, as much as I'd like you to, you know, say, slit my throat and fuck the wound, we are here to be punished, you know. This isn't about fun. And, for the record, 'The Coe)))lacanths' are totally fucking lame."

She turned to the other girl in the room, who had her head stuck in a book, reading furiously.

“And if this is The Breakfast Club, then I guess that makes you Molly Ringworm,” she said.

The imp looked up from her reading and regarded Zsa Zsa coldly, which in Hell was no mean feat.

As large as a toddler, she was naked, save for a sweater made of cobwebs whose sleeves came down to her knuckles. Her face was sharp and bone-colored, bald, black lips, black horns, eye sockets empty save for deep space darkness and the cold glitter of distant stars. Her legs were uncrossed to show off a cunt that split her from anus to navel, the acidic pussy liquor that continuously flowed from it hissing as it puddled on the floor.

“Bibbidibobbidibu doesn’t have time to talk to you. She must study,” the imp told her.

Oh yuck. Zsa Zsa hated people who referred to themselves in the third person.

El Pendejo and Dro)))ne were arguing over who was going to rape and murder her first (or, in Dro)))ne’s case, murder THEN rape her) as Zsa Zsa sighed and slumped down in her seat. She looked up at the clock. As with all clocks in Hell, the hands were stuck at four.

The Roman numeral loomed large.

IV

It reminded her of her induction, her vulture’s eye view of Hell and the Academy. The clock tower...

CHAPTER II
NEW MEAT

HELL was not as she expected—not that she had ever expected to go to Hell, but everyone has some kind of concept of what eternal damnation looks like, and to find out it looks like high school would probably be way outside what most folks have pictured in their heads.

She was still wearing the uniform she had died in: her squaw uniform from the folksy racist fast food place she worked at.

She was disorientated; she remembered dying, remembered her last thoughts—“And this time I wasn’t even trying...” quickly followed by, “Isn’t this just the fucking cherry on the shit sundae that was life”—and then there was a blur until she found herself being told to take a seat in the principal’s office. A principal’s office, for crying out loud! A broad desk with a picture of his wife and kids, filing cabinets, a potted plant in the

corner and a trophy head mounted on the wall. The trophy was the head of a beautiful woman, a beautiful woman with compound eyes and the mouth parts of a crab that drooled black, bubbling goo.

Zsa Zsa was having a hard time understanding what the principal had just told her.

"I've been... enrolled?" she repeated.

The principal nodded. He was vaguely humanoid, except that his face was like some kind of deep sea fish. An angler fish? He had dead, lidless eyes and jutting lower teeth and that gross tentacle thing growing out of his forehead, dangling a glowing maggot growth in front. He was wearing a tweed jacket stiff with old blood and semen and smoked a pipe that smelled of burning plastic.

"Yes, that is what I said," he said, voice raspy like his throat had been scraped with coat hangers, "an experiment of the Department of Infernal Affairs. I was deeply opposed, but there is a hierarchy even in the depths, and so here we are."

"So I'm dead and in Hell and... no, I'm not fucking getting this. I'm dead and I'm in Hell! What did I do to deserve this? And why do I have to go to school? This is crazy! Fuck!"

The principal shrugged. The name plaque on his desk was a human spine, his name carved letter by letter into each vertebrae: Mr. Gutts.

"Why? The why hardly matters—though I noted patricide in your case file. No, the why does not matter, save for the second possible question it prefigures. The questions of why you are here and why you are now enrolled are directly linked, Miss Zyzzyva, to wit; there is only one true faith, and lack of adherence to its tenets bars the gates of Heaven. Unfortunately for humanity, the one true faith only existed for three years during the late 1970s before all its members were killed in a firefight with an overzealous branch of the US intelligence community, thus damning mankind for all time."

Zsa Zsa frowned. "What the fuck does that have to do with me? The fuck do I care about religion?"

"Simply put, everyone goes to Hell," said Mr. Gutts, blowing a smoke pentagram. "And there aren't enough demons to handle all the work of torturing and tormenting the patients. Our R&D department keeps coming up with newer, more efficient means to milk misery and court screams, but the simple fact of numbers remains. Thus you."

“Thus I what?” asked Zsa Zsa.

“The Administration has decided to test drive an idea: recruiting a certain percentage of new patients into work.”

Zsa Zsa opened her mouth. Then she shut it. Then she opened it again, and shut it. No words.

“Don’t mock me, Miss Zyzzyva,” said Mr. Gutts.

“You’re telling me that I’m going to... you’re giving me a job?”

“More specifically, you are to go through the rigorous education process required by all tempters, torturers, and tormentors. Should you successfully complete the syllabus, then you will be recruited. You are, as it were, a guinea pig, to see if it is possible for human souls to shore up our numbers—whether you have ‘the right stuff’. Of course, if you fail—as I have no doubt you will—the program shall not go ahead and you shall join the rest of the patients for an eternity of unceasing horror.”

“And what if I don’t want to?” Zsa Zsa asked.

“Then you proceed straight to the eternity of unceasing horror.”

Zsa Zsa made with the biggest, most shit-eating smile she could. Working in the service industry had polished hers to a point where it almost looked real.

“When does the semester start?”

“Right after I give you a tour of the campus,” said Mr. Gutts, and snatched her hand.

CHAPTER III
HELL IS PAVED WITH INFANT SKULLS

EVERYONE experiences Hell in their own special way, whispered a voice in her head, a whisper like a rusty razor blade slicing into an eyeball. Fluid that shimmered with unnamed colors flowed from the split jelly, the miracle of sight turning to filth flowing down her cheeks.

If Hell was different for everyone, Zsa Zsa’s was informed by memories of her father; not the sexual abuse, but his love of miniature railways... although, truth be told, the two did go hand in hand.

Her dad spent a lot of time with his miniature railways. He kept it all set up in the attic, twenty square feet of table space on which he had reconstructed the Peel Godred Branch of the Sodor Railway line from the Thomas the Tank Engine books. The railway line itself was just an excuse

for the larger terrain it sat in, which was the true subject of her father's obsession: the hills and woods and fields and farm houses and cottages. It wasn't that he loved trains and then logically decided to recreate the scenery they ran through, but rather he loved creating an entire world, and the trains could be pointed to as the reason why he spent hours of time and thousands of dollars recreating rural villages down to the very last brass door knob the size of a pinhead on the village "pub".

It wasn't until Zsa Zsa hit puberty early and the very first time Daddy threw her down onto the model to fuck her up the ass that it became apparent he wanted to be God—or at least Godzilla.

That was the noise he made when he came. He roared like Godzilla.

It had become a regular part of her life, feeding into her self-loathing cycle, the twice weekly ritual of finding her face mashed down into some artificial cornfield, staring at a scarecrow as tall as a matchbook, her budding breasts jabbed by the tiny tombstones in the cemetery, the lump in her stomach which was the church. Her dad always dressed like Sir Topham Hatt when he fucked her.

This was what she was thinking as Mr. Gutts dragged her through the fetid, stinking darkness over the territory. One moment they had been in his office, and the moment after he grabbed her hand, they were above Hell itself, incorporeal, Zsa Zsa unable to hear the administrator but feeling an explanation of the sights she was seeing ooze across her consciousness like gasoline across a filthy puddle.

All the terrible colors of a polluted rainbow.

Hell was just like her dad's microcosm of Sodor, except instead of villages and farmland laced with railways, the models were of slaughtermansions, torture labs, vomitoriums, slaygrounds, snuff film sets. These buildings existed in a nightmare terrain of sewage volcanoes and suicide rainforests, of vast lakes of tears in which acid-bergs floated and smoked, elephantasm graveyards and fields of swaying crucifixions guarded by skyscraper-tall scarecrows, bogs and wastes and towns leveled by fire, all crisscrossed by ghost train tracks with nightmare engines hauling freights of damned souls.

The Academy's campus sprawled across the terrain like a dead octopus, an insane mixture of architectural styles culled from across time and space as new wings were added over the aeons, new facilities needed to

keep up with the ever-expanding syllabus of depraved horrors. The campus was larger than any earthly city, radiating from a central clock tower whose hands were held permanently dead at four. Roughly speaking, it was divided up into three main schools: Temptation, Torment, and Torture, each of which encompassed dozens of sub-branches of academia. All of them needed very specific facilities, hence the vast array of styles; Torture, for example, ranged from the dungeons of the Inquisition—of rack and thumb screw and iron maiden—to the more post-modern Camp X-Ray style that employed water boarding, sleep deprivation, and good old fashioned genital grinding.

This was Hell, like her dad's model railway, with the Beast in the role of her father, the students and faculty—demons and devils, countless monstrosities of flesh and spirit—the tiny little figures whom the Beast saw fit to populate his dreary little fiefdom.

Sometimes it snowed as the Beast scratched its pubic hair and sent showers of rotting dandruff drifting down, just before double-fisting its titanic, subway train-sized cock and spraying rancid, supernatural semen

("Erectoplasm," said Mr. Gutts, helpfully)

all over everything.

It was into this chaos that Zsa Zsa Zyzzyva, the very first human ever, was enrolled, much like a mole rat being dropped into a cement mixer full of wolverines.

CHAPTER IV
VADE RETRO SATANA... AND FUCK ME UP THE SHIT CHUTE

"SO, what are you in for?" Zsa Zsa asked as a pair of foot-long cocks simultaneously forced their ways into her, El Pendejo's corkscrew-shaped meat threatening to split her anus as Dro)))ne's enormously fat dick with its dozens of piercings slid metal studs into her aching pussy.

She didn't give a fuck what they were in for, it was just that rape bored her. Go through a whole shitty life of being used as a cum dumpster, and striking up a conversation to pass time became second nature, even if the only reply you got was, "Shut up and take it, whore."

(Daddy)

They had agreed to double-team her after deciding neither wanted sloppy seconds, forcing her across one of the desks, the unicorn

demon standing up to pound her ass whilst Dro)))ne slid under the desk to get at her gash. She could feel both of them barely separated by the membranes and muscle that was the boundary between her cunt and her rectum. They slid and bumped against each other, making Zsa Zsa feel like she needed to shit a brick even as her ovaries were painfully pounded.

"You askin' me or pretty boy?" asked El Pendejo.

Zsa Zsa gasped and tried to reply, but the pain kept making her catch her breath. She'd been in Hell for over a fortnight and had been raped who knew how many times—so often that she had become completely nonchalant about being violently violated—but it was still painful; every time her cunt grew back after being LITERALLY eaten out, it grew without scar tissue, and so no tolerance could be reached.

El Pendejo slowed down as he contemplated the question. Dro)))ne didn't answer, concentrating on his stroke, smashing the fisty knot of his bell end up against the resistance of Zsa Zsa's cervix.

"I'm here because of honor. The food fight was about honor. Si, honor"

Food fight?

Dro)))ne's thrusting suddenly got wilder, faster, his eyes screwed shut, his fingers digging into her breasts, his second set of hands gripping her buttocks as if to help the tacodaemon pierce her guts even deeper. He squealed like a pig dragged over razor wire and shot his load. Zsa Zsa's cunt was flooded with pints of angel come—a soupy, hot mixture that fizzed like cola and burned like battery acid.

She screamed.

Dro)))ne screamed as well, his voice trained in the ultimate choir, a note that caused Zsa Zsa's ears to bleed.

The fallen angel slumped back, inch after inch after inch of his now flaccid cock slithering out of her like her intestines were coiling out (albeit intestines punctured with dozens of weird piercings).

Oh thank FUCK I can let it go now, thought Zsa Zsa, and no sooner was the thought formed than she let out a huge, rumbling, spluttering queef. Her cunt was so full of angelic semen that it seemed to be vomiting long sticky strings of curdled cheese.

El Pendejo was still pumping away, grinning over Zsa Zsa's shoulder at the panting Dro)))ne.

“No stamina, huh homes? The damned divine don’t have the huevos for Hell work, si?”

The fallen angel shook his head.

“Oh no,” he said. “Nothing of the sort, dear boy.”

In the next moment he was gone. First he was there, sprawled under the desk, half-on and half-off the chair to get leverage to pound pussy, and in the next moment he slid slicker than any limbo dancer out from under, between both Zsa Zsa and El Pendejo’s splayed legs, to pop up behind both of them.

Before the demon unicorn knew it was happening, the angel rammed a freshly engorged monster cock into his anus.

“Just had to knock out that first easy one, old boy,” Dro)))ne breathed in El Pendejo’s ear, “before lining up a little alpha male dominance.”

El Pendejo was a big demon, and one for whom this was a relatively uncommon act. He couldn’t say much as the metal-studded foot-long blew out his starfish and scraped cold metal fingernails up and down his colon.

With the extra weight slamming into her from behind, Zsa Zsa could hardly breathe, the edge of the desk jammed into her belly so hard her diaphragm could barely move.

Great, she thought, there’s no getting away from this bullshit; guys and their machismo. And it wasn’t even as if she was going to make some green from all this. Cash meant nothing in Hell—not that there were any books to spend it on anyway...

Well at least I can’t get knocked up again, thanks Da...

Blinking back the tears of agony, she glanced up to notice the imp, Bibbidibobbidibu, was still sat at her desk, diligently nose to page studying.

Suddenly, Zsa Zsa was pissed off.

“Hey!” she wheezed when she caught her next breath. “Hey! Hey bitch!”

The imp looked up, then just as quickly glued her eyes back to her text book.

Bucked back and forth, Zsa Zsa craned her upper body up as much as possible, just as El Pendejo finally found his voice and yodeled his alarm at being co-opted into a rape conga line.

“That’s right, you! Jesus fucking Christ, how about a little female support here, huh? What about sister’s watching out for each other? Huh? You bitch! Just wait, when these two faggot losers have finished with me, they’re gonna start in on you, and then don’t expect me to do nothing but laugh my ripped ass off!”

The pounding in her butt stopped. She felt the twitching tremors of El Pendejo’s enormous cock, right on the verge of pumping a gallon of hate paste into her large intestine.

“What did you say, chica?” asked the unicorn.

And then, unbelievably, Dro)))ne said;

“I’ll have to echo our bean eating friend here, and also ask you to repeat yourself.”

Zsa Zsa was confused.

“You mean, about me laughing when you two losers start in on little miss bookworm here?” she asked.

“Losers?! Hey, chica, who the fuck you calling losers? Me and pretty boy here ain’t no losers!” El Pendejo protested.

Dro)))ne, cock still stuffed into the demon’s ass, was nodding his head.

“Although strictly I can’t speak for the kayfabe wop I’m currently buggering, I know for a certainty that I am not a loser.”

Zsa Zsa had a sudden flash, an insight, an idea.

“Sure you are,” she said, prostrate over the desk. “Me? I’m just a human—and a girl at that—and it takes TWO of you to restrain me whilst you both attempt to prove to each other what studs you are? And little miss over here is calmly studying up for the mid-terms, not even slightly worried that either of you two flaming pussies will try anything on her for fear of getting your asses sliced, diced, and served on rice? That about sum the situation up, guys?”

Zsa Zsa had always had a knack for getting inside people’s heads; particularly guys. She was glad that being dead hadn’t impaired her ability to mind fuck anything with a set of balls, even if it did also have hooves, horns... or a halo.

“I am not having anyone doubting my prowess vis-a-vis cunt destruction!” roared Dro)))ne. He pointed at the imp. “Right, bitch, ready your twat!”

He tried to pull himself free of El Pendejo's ass, and found that he couldn't. The fallen angel tugged once, twice, three times, then pressed all four of his palms flat against the unicorn demon's back and shoved as hard as he could.

"Hey man, what the shit!"

"I appear... I appear to be stuck."

"The fuck, man? You're stuck?"

Zsa Zsa closed her eyes. She didn't like where this was going.

There was a wild bucking as both Dro)))ne and El Pendejo tried to free themselves, which was how El Pendejo realized that he could not pull himself out of Zsa Zsa's ass.

"What the... I'm stuck, too!" El Pendejo swore; then he punched Zsa Zsa in the back of the head. "Hey, relax, bitch! You relax and I can pull out!"

Zsa Zsa shrugged.

"I can't relax. Involuntary reflex, like the way if you hold a shit in too long. Everything's all locked up back there."

Dro)))ne punched El Pendejo in the back of the head.

"You're no better! Come on, I would have thought a beaner like you would be looser than a wizard's sleeve with all the burritos you plebs shovel down!"

"Hey man, fuck you, and fuck your stereotypes!"

"No, fuck you!"

The angel and the unicorn continued to tell one another to fuck themselves (Zsa Zsa kept quiet about the ironic implications, considering their circumstance) even as they struggled and strained, but no matter how much they swore and sweated, not one inch of male meat was given.

Finally, all three of them were slumped over the desk, stacked one atop each other. Zsa Zsa could barely breathe, but she already knew that suffocating wouldn't end anything, not when you just died and came back again; in fact, there had been a fad a few days before in which students had been cutting open their own bellies to pull out their intestines, just so they could wrap them around their throats and choke themselves whilst they masturbated. But like all fads, the autoerotic asphyxiation by evisceration was soon replaced with the Next Big Thing.

"Perhaps Bibbi can help,"

They'd all forgotten the imp in their struggle.

She stood in front of them, holding out a pair of scissors.

"Huh?" Zsa Zsa huffed.

The imp was looking them over, assessing them. "Apophallation," she said.

Dro)))ne, El Pendejo, and Zsa Zsa all looked at her with the same expression.

Bibbidibobbidibu grinned nervously.

"It's from slugs when they mate. It's something they do, if they mate and it goes wrong," she said. "Slugs have very large…um, dicks…and they kinda corkscrew them together. They're hermaphrodites, slugs are, and when they mate, they twist their dicks together like corkscrews, and sometimes they get stuck like that, so one of them—one of the slugs—will chew off his or his partner's dick to escape. It's called apophallation."

El Pendejo spoke first. "Que?" he asked.

Dro)))ne too seemed puzzled. "What are you suggesting, exactly?"

But Zsa Zsa had already grasped the concept.

Grasped the concept... and the scissors. Then, smooth and swift, her hand slipped between her legs; she slid open the blades and rested the open jaws up against the root of El Pendejo's cock. He had time to wonder what was pinching his skin before she snapped the scissors shut, crunching through hard erectile tissue.

The demon unicorn bellowed in agony and shoved away from her, the meaty stump that was left of his cock geysering blood like a burst pipe.

Zsa Zsa straightened up from the desk and took a deep lungful of air, the first she had managed to take in some time.

The imp was looking at her.

"Um, thanks, I guess," Zsa Zsa muttered. The imp nodded, a moment of understanding passing between them, before Zsa Zsa squatted a little, strained a lot, and farted almost loud enough to drown out El Pendejo's bellowing. With the fart, what was left of the unicorn's deflating cock slithered out to coil on the floor like a black, ropey turd.

The question was on her tongue and out of her mouth before Zsa Zsa even really had time to think of it. "Hey, that shit about slugs chewing each other's junk off; how'd you know that?"

Bibbidibobbidiu gave a little insecure shrug. “I’m a…I am, y’know, a bit of a nerd. I study these things. In fact, it’s related to why I got detention in the first place…”

CHAPTER V
BUILD A BETTER KILLING MACHINE

SHE was up against some strong competition, but Bibbidibobbidibu was quietly confident, in the way that someone who desperately desires to win but whose crushing lack of self-confidence can tilt between howling despair and elaborate fantasies of victory.

At any rate, out of all the entries into the Academy’s annual Violence Fair, hers had been selected as one of the top three as voted for by the student body. The competition had been stiff, but now that all the bone chopping, cunt ripping, lung frying, eye crushing, and face shredding was over, and the pulpy, torn, squealing remains of hundreds of patients had slid through the metal sluice of the killing floor, all bets were off. Now the judge was making his final decision. Who would get the blue ribbon?

Bibbi thought about her grandfather, about the look of love and acceptance in his old goat eyes when she brought home the first; though this pleasant fantasy was soon replaced with its opposite, her grandfather force-feeding her his own worm-riddled shit as he laughed and laughed at how pathetic she was...

Entries were judged on criteria of Gruesomeness, Efficiency, and Irony. The gore factor had to be high, yes, but Hell was so stuffed with patients that a high turnover rate had to be accounted for... and irony, of course, always comes into play as a matter of style.

Bibbi has this in the bag, she told herself, stomach twisting. Bibbi worked so hard, she HAS to have this in the bag.

Professor Legion, the Pig-Latin teacher, was giving his attention to the first of the three finalists. The other entries who had been dismissed made up the crowd who whispered amongst themselves and placed bets on the winner.

Even though her family’s fame made her the focus of attention a lot of the time, Bibbi still hated the limelight. She ground her teeth.

The professor mouthed the name of the first entry.

“Explain yourself, maggot,” he demanded, a thousand voices emerging from his swine mouth.

The ‘maggot’ was a demon who looked like the resultant offspring of a T-Rex fucking a wasp. In a puddle of toxic waste. Who then drank heavily throughout the pregnancy.

“W-w-well,” it stuttered, tiny forearms gesturing lamely to the casket it stood by. The sign beside the box said IRONY MAIDEN. “It’s b-b-basically an iron maiden, only I’ve r-r-replaced the spikes inside with vibrating dildos.”

He opened the casket, stood on one end to reveal the insides.

Bibbi quickly reviewed what she knew about the standard iron maiden type: the inside of the metal casket was normally lined with spikes, each of a varying length so as to pierce different parts of the body at different times as the lid was shut. The spikes above the eyes were fairly long, for example, so that the patient within would feel their sight explode into sticky goo just moments before spikes at groin level rendered them sexless. The final killing spike to the heart was the shortest, naturally.

The young demon flicked a switch. The huge plastic cocks the casket was lined with buzzed into life.

“After a year of being f-f-fucked nonstop in every orifice, the p-p-patient comes out absolutely b-b-begging to be tortured.”

The demon had a patient ready on hand to demonstrate: a young Eskimo boy whose tongue had been ripped out. The demon threw the boy inside the Irony Maiden and slammed the door shut.

Giant plastic cocks split his anus and shoved his own genitals back up inside his body, forcing his own cock and balls up through the membranes that his intestines were cradled in, an agonizing reverse hernia. The dildos popped the boys eyes, punctured deep into his skull, and then proceeded to fuck his brains out.

Professor Legion raised a trotter to his mouth.

“I see. Too much pleasure. An interesting school of thought little explored before. Definite potential. And I suppose the ‘Irony’ of the title is that the patient comes out as far from ‘maiden’ as possible, hmm?”

The professor moved on to the second entry.

Bibbi began to feel queasy as her turn approached, a greasy bolus turning and turning in her belly, like it was full of slugs and snails and...

Don’t puke, don’t puke, don’t puke...

“And what do we have here?” Legion said, hundreds of softly spoken voices all speaking at once. The half-man, half-pig creature—pince-nez nestled on his snout, demonic sigils tattooed all over his body—showed definite interest in the second entry.

Oh shit, he’s got a favorite! Bibbi’s fucked!

THE AGONY ORGAN, said the sign next to the second entry.

“Another play on words, hmmm?”

The organ’s creator nodded. This student could have passed for a Parisian street mime, with 8-balls for eyes, were it not for the fact that he had dozens of pairs of arms to crawl about on like a centipede.

The mimeipede held up one finger, as if to ask for everyone’s attention, and the crowd obeyed.

Arranged like Easter Island statues, side by side from youngest to oldest, were seven human males, balanced in the guts of a dismantled grand piano. From newborn infant to octogenarian, all of them were multiple amputees, missing arms and legs, but their genitals were proudly displayed, fixed in place where the piano’s keys were no longer.

The mimeipede produced a fork with needle-thin tines, displaying such with a flourish of one hand.

He selected a five- or six-year-old, second in from the left, and stabbed the fork into the child’s left testicle.

The mimeipede may have been silent, but his instrument was not; the child screamed a scream dredged from the very roots of his soul.

The fork tines slid out and then punctured the ball of an old man two in from the right.

This was a coarser, more bass note of mind-blasting pain.

Each key was tested, the bloody fork sliding under the foreskin of a young man, then piercing under the glans of a man approaching middle age, and then threaded straight through both testicles of a newborn only hours from the womb.

All were in fine voice, it seemed.

Then the mimeipede proceeded to play a howled version of “Merry Go Round Broke Down”.

“A tuning fork, of course!” laughed the Pig-Latin teacher.

He got a round of applause from the crowd. More bets were made, Chinese Hell money changing hands amongst the student body. Bibbi felt her heart sink.

And then it was her turn.

Professor Legion cast a porcine eye over her entry.

“The Gavage Glass...” he murmured in many voices. “It looks like a giant hourglass, certainly... but gavage? I can’t say I’m familiar with the word.”

And this was a language teacher.

“It’s from the French, sir,” said Bibbi. “It’s, um, to do with how they make their patties, or something. They make them—the patties, I mean—they made them out of crushed geese. They force-feed the geese, fatten them up, and then they squish them to make patties.”

The professor blinked at her.

“Perhaps Bibbi should provide a practical demonstration?” she said, and before he could stop her she grabbed him and dragged him inside the giant hourglass through a porthole in the lower half, and threw him into the bolted down chair which sat in the very middle of her creation.

Metal cuffs snapped into place, securing all four of his trotters in place, tight, tight, tight.

The crowd watched, muttered amongst themselves. This was a strange turn of events... but nobody went to intervene. Nobody liked Pig-Latin.

“I say, what the Here do you think you’re...”

Professor Legion never got to ask Bibbi what it was she thought she was doing—partly because she was doing it, and this meant forcing one end of the feeding tube into his mouth and down his throat.

Bibbi stepped back to admire her work, and then she left the glass chamber via the porthole, which she secured in place before turning to address the crowd.

She was, at heart—and in spite of the pressure to live up to her legacy—a showgirl.

“The Gavage Glass,” she said, gesturing extravagantly to take in the whole of her Violence Fair project, two glass chambers, each slightly bigger than a port-a-potty, stacked one atop the other, “seeks to answer many questions. One such question is simply: Can you have too much of a bad thing? Another is: Are boys really made of snips, snails, and puppy dog tails? And yet a third, perhaps the most important of all: Is the glass half-empty... or half-full?”

The top chamber did not contain sand. It contained nearly a ton of slimy animals—some shelled, some not—that crawled slowly and

mindlessly over one another, as well as the severed stumps of over a thousand innocent baby dogs. A churning, glistening mess that was only separated from the feeding tube leading down the Pig-Latin professor's throat by the internal machinery of a wood chipper.

Bibbi pulled a remote control from her cunt. It only had one button, to switch off and to switch...

On.

The slugs were blended instantly, shredded into snotty black flesh and pulpy organs, with the snails crunching for only a second as they were sucked down into the wood chipper. The sinewy puppy tails provided a little resistance, but they, too, were soon finely shredded, and a thick mixture of cartilage, shells, blood, hair and endless grey goo began to flow down the feeding tube.

Professor Legion saw what was coming and thrashed against his restraints, but nothing could stop it.

Over the lips and past the gums, look out stomach...

The crowd was silent as hundreds of pounds of crawling animals and ripped up dog flesh was ground up and forced down into the waiting mouth. They watched with little gasps of excitement as the professor's stomach began to swell, as the buttons of his waistcoat first strained and then popped off, plinking the glass wall of the chamber as his tattooed belly swelled up larger and larger.

Slime squirted from his nostrils in thick snotty rivers. His trotters thrashed on the floor. His eyes bulged in their sockets.

The skin of his stomach grew drum-tight; so tight that it became semi-transparent, the veins beneath his flesh visible just before he exploded in a shower of blood and muscle and endless gallons of grey filth as thick as rancid yogurt.

The machine switched off automatically, leaving just a hollowed out shell of gaping rib cage, in which a still-pulsing heart swung uselessly, like the clapper of a meat bell.

The crowd was quiet for a beat, for two beats... and then roared its approval.

It was the little differences that Zsa Zsa noticed most that distinguished the infernal academy from the Earthly seats of learning (she never went to

college, but she had picked up enough from movies to figure that university bullshit was just high school bullshit writ large).

One thing that was the same was that the entrance to every building on campus was equipped with metal detectors. The difference, though, was that any student found NOT packing an instrument of bloody mayhem was then given one.

The first time she hadn't set off the alarm, a security demon had frisked her to make certain she wasn't armed. At least the pat down was business as usual; the demon not only took the opportunity to cop a feel, he'd checked her cunt and ass by licking her out with a foot-long tongue that looked like a giant maggot, a fat bloodshot eye in its tip that she felt squirm up into her uterus.

She was pretty certain he got into her lower intestine when he rooted out her rump.

"Packin' nothin'," muttered the demon, smacking his lips and idly scratching at the fungal growths sprouting from his gills. There was a clear Perspex box full of weapons by the detector which, in Zsa Zsa's experience, was where confiscated items were disposed of; the guard reached in and pulled out a chainsaw, pressing it into Zsa Zsa's hands. "As per academy policy, all students must be ready for ultra-violence at all times. Move along, ma'am."

And, just like in high school, Zsa Zsa once again found herself without the right brand name, which meant the mean girls kicked her to death. Before she died, she felt one of them stomp on her tits until her nipples split open and mammary tissue gushed out.

CHAPTER VI
DARK SARCASM IN THE CLASSROOM

"WAIT, you got detention for killing a teacher?"

El Pendejo had forgotten the pain of having his dick hacked off with scissors as Bibbidibobbidibu had told her story. In Hell you healed fast —or at least, your physical body did. Pride was something else; Dro)))ne had retreated to a desk in the far corner of the room to pout. After Zsa Zsa had freed herself, El Pendejo had ripped the scissors away from her and unmanned the fallen angel.

El Pendejo scratched his head and asked his question again. “You got detention for killing a teacher? Man, I thought that was extra credit.”

Zsa Zsa sat on top of a desk. Her cunt and ass had stopped bleeding, and as she listened to the imp, she had been idly stirring two fingers around inside herself, scooping out angel come.

Not that she had been forgiven for what she’d done; the unicorn had hacked off Dro)))ne’s cock at the root, shit it out on the floor, and immediately rammed the scissors up Zsa Zsa’s nose, one blade up each nostril, and then cut through her septum with a single crunching snip, like clipping out a coupon.

Her nosebleed had been like Niagara, and her poncho had been soaked through.

Her work uniform was made of the same stuff as her body, so even as her flesh knitted up, as bones reset, so did her crappy outfit gradually mend itself. Spending an eternity looking like she was happy to serve obese morons deep-fried, heavily processed animal by-products was one of the things she had at least been able to block out thanks to the unrelenting rounds of rape and ultra-violence.

“No, Bibbi got detention for stealing the slugs from the cafeteria,” the imp corrected. “It turned out they are—they were—next week’s lunch special.”

Slugs on the menu. Nothing surprised Zsa Zsa about Hell, but that fact and looking at her uniform made her smirk.

“And what, pray tell, is so amusing?”

Dro)))ne was eyeing her sourly, one hand cupping the fat stump that remained of his cock.

(Zsa Zsa had only learned why the word ‘pray’ was the worst word you could say in Hell the day before, in a lecture...

“On Earth,” said the lecturer on propaganda, a module in the Temptation syllabus, “they have a saying: ‘For evil to triumph, all it takes is for good men to do nothing.’ And that is why we invented prayer.”

He stopped to huff from an athletic sock full of gold spray paint. His eyes rolled back into their shells with bliss, and then, as little puffs of gold wheezed from his gills, fix fixed, he continued on.

“One of our smartest ploys, prayer means humans do absolutely fuck all about the horrors raging around them, whilst at the same time filling the smug pricks with a sense of accomplishment.”

A student raised a tentacle in question. “Won’t they figure it out eventually?” it asked.

The lecturer shrugged.

“Probably, but our predictions show that we can get a few more decades out of it before the phrase ‘I’ll pray for you’ becomes the worst insult one HUMAN can inflict on another.”)

She shook her head, dispelling the memory.

“It’s just...” Zsa Zsa shrugged. “Nothing. I was just thinking about where I used to work. Shit they had on the menu.”

The imp, the angel, and the lucha libre demon unicorn all looked at her, remembering that she was different.

“Hey, that’s right,” said El Pendejo. “You a human. You were alive. You lived in paradise.”

Zsa Zsa frowned. “Paradise? You fucking kidding me? Being alive sucked almost as much as being dead.”

“How so?” asked the imp, ever ready to learn something new.

Zsa Zsa frowned some more. “Well, you get born, you grow up, you get a shitty job. You slave for decades, then you die and nothing meant shit. Any time you aren’t bored, you’re being fucked, or doing anything you can to forget how shitty everything is.”

The other students were interested.

“You had a job?” asked El Pendejo. “Like... torture, or tempting?”

“Your ignorance is showing, my old beaner,” said Dro)))ne.

Zsa Zsa sighed. “I worked in a fast food restaurant. Chief Cochise’s Chokenon Chicken. Everyone just called it Chokey’s. It was a themed place. The theme was folksy racism, Native American stuff. The staff all dressed as braves and squaws.” She held her hands out, displaying her poncho and her single feather headband. “We had the Heap Big Value menu, just ‘How’ you like it.”

Bibbi was looking at her curiously.

“What?” Zsa Zsa snapped.

“The way you speak, talk, you seem fond of your memories, of what you remember.”

Zsa Zsa nodded, but she was somewhere else; she was remembering how creative her work could be.

“We used to spit in the soda,” she said. “And whenever one of us had a cold, all the snot and hacked-up phlegm went in the mayo. Of course, every month I’d come on, and I’d squirt my period into the hot sauce. Then, there was this one asshole, kept clamoring for blue cheese for his chicken, even though it wasn’t on the menu, some redneck shithead up from Virginia. So what we did is, I got all the bus boys and the line cooks to beat off into a cup, and then any of them that had foreskins, I peeled those suckers back and scraped that crumbly stuff out of them—smegma, I think it’s called. You know, for the cheese flavor.”

Zsa Zsa shrugged. “But I was working there because of the racist shit. Always found that shit hilarious.”

Now El Pendejo was leaning forward in interest. “What kinda food did you do?” he asked.

Zsa Zsa shrugged. “Chicken and sides. You could get your White Buffalo Women wings with Crazy Horse hot sauce, potato red skins, maize on the cob, wash it down with a diet fire-water. That and your Happy Hunting Ground meals for the kids, featuring Tomahawk the Chicken-hawk. Or you could try our Puke-a-Hontas Challenge, chow down five pounds of chicken wings in under thirty minutes and get your name on the high score totem pole.”

Zsa Zsa had recited all of that without even thinking. “Fuck, I think that shit’s written on my soul...”

“Did you deep fry? Pan fry? Pressure fry?” asked El Pendejo excitedly. “What kinda oil did you use;

(one pleasant memory from life: the time her father was teaching her how to deep fry hush puppies, frying being one of only two useful things he ever taught her; frying, and how to take dick.

“You pick the basket up,” he said, “and give ‘em a little shake to get the excess oil off... here, you try.”

And even as young as she was, she was crafty. She had slipped and a whole batch of frying, hot, oily puppies went WHOOPS and flew into his fucking face to sizzle and SCREAM...)

corn, canola, peanut? And what kinda ratio of cayenne to paprika did you use in the breading? Did you...”

He stopped when he saw how the other students were looking at him, aware that he had let himself slip up.

“And why the intense interest in the inner workings of the ars gastronomique, taco-bender?” asked Dro)))ne with a smirk, his mutilated cock momentarily forgotten.

“Nothing!” El Pendejo snapped, too forcefully. “Cooking is for fags and bitches! Fuck you, man, how ‘bout I pray for you?”

Dro)))ne shot him the finger with all four hands.

Zsa Zsa tilted her head to one side. “Earlier, you said you were in here because of a food fight. And you said something about honor.”

The unicorn demon shrugged, tucking his arms under his chest and shrinking into a defensive ball.

“Si,” he said. “It was a matter of honor. It was a matter of... the heart.”

CHAPTER VII
...AND THE DEVIL SENDS COOKS

El Pendejo read from the cafeteria menu, mouthing each word separately as he spelled them out. Reading was for fags, but this was lunch, man; this was some serious shit right here.

There was dolphin-stuffed panda, scrambled seal pup brains, elephant fetus kebab (skewered on their own tusks), and lightly suffocated veal. Fuck all that shit, it all tastes like chicken anyway. Behind him, queuing students swore and told him to hurry up, but not too loudly, and for sure nobody dared attack him; El Pendejo was on the ‘bate team and could stuff your head up your ass easier than tucking his dick back in his codpiece after pissing on you.

El Pendejo wanted to make his own lunches, but he couldn’t, because cooking was for fags. He looked at the specials board, and to his surprise, something approaching cuisine had made its way into the usual rotation of mystery meat reclaimed from a serial killer’s garbage disposal.

“Spit-roasted cherubim, stuffed with soured ambrosia and purée of persea americana diabolis,” he read laboriously. Santa Muerte, he hadn’t had angel spawn in an age!

Kiss and Kill, the Siamese chefs, were joined at the face, as if buried from forehead to chin in their own reflections. Skinned, gutted, meat scored, rubbed with salt and stuffed with figs, they were ready for the oven themselves; they stood over a flame-licked grate, baking in their own juices.

They each wore an apron, hitched high above their occupied groins; one read KISS THE COOK, the other, KILL THE COOK. They shared one of those puffy chef hats that look like mushroom clouds.

Between them, “spit-roasted”, was what looked like a baby with fleshy, bat-like wings. One twin had his cock up its ass, the other stuffed into its mouth, the carcass gently spinning between them over a hog roast pit. Fat dripped and sizzled, and the smell was gorgeous.

Grinning inside his mask, the unicorn demon had just decided that he wanted an arm, a few ribs, some dark meat, and a brand name soda to wash it down, when he was suddenly shoved aside.

El Pendejo stumbled and slumped across the counter, thrown off balance. He rallied quickly, pushing himself up and spinning round with his fists up, ready to break face.

“Hey, the FUCK, man? No fucker better be thinking they get to keep they teeth when...”

It was HER.

Oblivia Neutron-Bomb.

Head cheerleader, pep rally queen, unstoppable killing machine. Like half a store mannequin on caterpillar tracks, she was the kind of robot that the 1950s had promised, except her tits were warheads, with a grenade pin for a navel piercing.

She was El Pendejo’s dream girl.

His fist, he realized, was within a few microns of her metal face. Crosshair eyes irised to pinpoints as she glared at him.

“You may wish to remove your body part from my personal space,” she synthed at El Pendejo, “or you may lose use of said body part, as well as any attached material.”

The popular girls always have sycophantic sidekicks. Bubbles Hitler was Oblivia’s. “That means back the fuck off, ya dumb cunt!” the blow-up doll sneered, fragments of piss-soaked shit spraying with each word, “or my girl Oblivia here is gonna start in with the ol’ ultra-violence, ya hear?”

From the safety of her purse, Trojan the prophylactic pooch yapped at the unicorn demon, yap yap yap.

El Pendejo came close—too close—to doing something stupid. But then his brain had a rare stroke of common sense, and he dropped his fist. He reasoned that asking Oblivia to have his prom night abortion—

which he had been trying to summon the nerve to do for, like, forever—would be compromised not only if he got into a fight with her, but doubly so in the likely event she kicked the snot out of him. Word was, the last guy who tried anything funny with Ms. Neutron-Bomb was still being scraped off the moon, across which he had been splattered in a fine, even coating.

Oblivia had already disregarded him, but Bubbles couldn't resist giving him the finger. "Fuck ya, sucka!"

El Pendejo felt his social standing slip. He physically felt it. Being shown up by a girl was one thing, but that last insult...

Bubbles Hitler was a half-deflated sex doll, every orifice stuffed to overflowing with greasy brown turds and neon bright urine. In her purse, carried everywhere she went, she kept a teacup dog called Trojan, a creature that was like the balloon animals that clowns make at kids' parties... except he wasn't a balloon, but a used condom, whose insides flowed like a lava lamp.

Being shown up in front of a cafeteria full of fellow students by a discarded sex toy? The pecking order itself may not have shifted—might still be made right, after all—but as for respect and honor...?

"What'll it be? Light or dark meat?" asked one of the chefs' mouths, and then the second mouth picked up, "You want maybe the oysters? A little crispy skin? A couple of toes?"

"No, my hunger requires more," said Oblivia. "I require the entire roast. Deposit it onto my compartmentalized food dish. Now."

Oblivia took the whole cherub. Not just a drum stick or a wing, the whole fucking thing.

The Siamese chefs pulled the roasted cherub off their cocks and dumped it onto her tray; though they shared frontal lobes, they weren't idiots, and knew better than to argue with the genocidal war machine.

In Hell you didn't stay dead, but dying still hurt like a motherfucker, and the word was the little lady killing machine could make dying last a long, long time.

Like royalty, Oblivia didn't give the chefs or the rest of the students one more thought, just took up the whole cherub and walked straight to the best table there was.

Bubbles looked over the bubbling vats of processed crap left behind and winked at El Pendejo.

“Bone appetite!” she said sweetly, and, laughing, hurried after Oblivia, over to the table reserved for the cheerleaders. The girls already seated there—Colostomy Jane, Sluuprr, Pyxy Styx, the Living Deadlights—cheered when their leader appeared.

“That’s ‘bon appétit,’ dumb bitch,” El Pendejo muttered.

Dejected, he slid his tray along to the first vat. The chefs shrugged, as if to say ‘those are the breaks’ and dealt out a ladle of seal pup brains.

He took his tray to a table, sat down and started eating. He had to pick out skull fragments as he ate and brooded. Fuck man, one moment he had been looking forward to a little prime angel spawn, and the next moment he’s being dissed, not only by Oblivia—the girl he had been thinking of asking to have his prom night abortion—but also that chica cunt Bubbles Hitler.

And now here he was, picking chunks of skull out of his plate of brains.

He looked across the cafeteria. Other students were taking seats, laughing, talking, grimacing over the food. But Oblivia... Oblivia wasn’t even touching the cherub. She was perfectly still as Bubbles yammered animatedly about nothing and the rest of the girls mindlessly parroted whatever drivel she spoke.

El Pendejo realized that Oblivia was staring at the cafeteria door. Like maybe she was waiting for someone to come in...

And then someone did come in.

It was Qoxoq. He was on the ‘bate team with El Pendejo. He was an amigo.

As soon as Qoxoq stepped into the cafeteria, El Pendejo looked back at Oblivia. The killing machine’s eyes had begun to roll in her head like a pair of slot machine reels, and when they finally stopped, the cross hairs in each had been replaced with a pair of cartoon hearts.

<3 <3

Maldita sea, that complicates things.

Qoxoq resembled a medieval spacesuit: eight-foot-tall, part knight’s armor and part diving bell, filled halfway up the blown glass helmet with the remains of an exploded person; a soup of blood and shredded skin and organs in which eyes bobbed, gazing out like fish in a nightmare aquarium. You could say he had been poured into his outfit.

He was barely in the door when Oblivia nudged Bubbles and, at this prearranged signal, the piss-soaked, shit-stuffed sex doll got up and flounced over to Qoxoq.

She said something to him and giggled. El Pendejo couldn't make out what she had said, she was too far away, the cafeteria was too noisy.

Qoxoq said something back. When he spoke, it was in bubbles that rose to the surface of the muck that was his flesh and burst not with a pop, but words.

Miss Hitler nodded, and animatedly explained something before pointing over at Oblivia.

And that was how Qoxoq ended up at the popular table.

Evidently, Oblivia had taken the entire cherub just to impress Qoxoq, and it was obvious that she was deeply into him from the moment he sat down, when her eyes had spun like reels again and fallen on a pair of cartoon cocks (these had once been slot machine cherries, and then been drawn over so that the cherries had become the balls).

8===D 8===D

El Pendejo could not hear what they were talking about, only that every now and again there was laughter from that table, the gurgling chuckles of Qoxoq, the white noise bursts of Oblivia, and the irritating, grating, annoying fucking giggling of that panocha hedionda Bubbles Hitler, chorused by the rest of the cheerleading squad and the yaps of Trojan the condom dog.

He tried to eat his filth and not think about it. Sometimes he managed to get his mind away from it by concentrating on shoveling the rapidly hardening brains into his mouth and zenning out on the general hubbub of the cafeteria crowd, but every time he managed to forget that his 'bate team amigo was being hit on by the love of his life... there came the sound of high-pitched, mindless, airheaded giggling that set his teeth on edge and reminded him that he had been humiliated—was still being humiliated.

This made El Pendejo increasingly paranoid, as well. Each time that giggling came, he became more and more certain that it was at his expense. And that meant that if he could hear it, then everyone else could, and everyone knew it was at his expense.... so that even the sound of the other students hubbub became latent with meaning.

Every snicker, every half-heard whisper, was about him.

He looked up from time to time, but no one was looking at him.

Of course not, homes... they were, but then they turned away just as you tried to catch them. Now they is just trying to act the innocent. Trying to act like they weren't just grinning at you, grinning and laughing at the dumb cacodemon sat on his own, eating baby seal brains like a little bitch after getting served.

And Qoxoq... what the fuck man? Isn't he an amigo? Aren't you both on the same team? Haven't you sparred together, each one trying to jack off the other first? Haven't you told him how much you were into Oblivia, how you were thinking of asking her to have your prom night abortion?

All this time he managed to avoid looking over there, though. He wouldn't let them know they were getting to him, even though they were...

Giggling.

He looked, after telling himself that he would not.

Qoxoq's helmet was off and Oblivia had dunked her face into the vat of rendered fat and bones, eagerly sucking up arteries and ripped muscle, as one of his gauntlet hands fisted her polypropylene cunt, to the catcalls and hoots of the rest of the cheerleaders.

And next to them, Bubbles Hitler had torn out the cherub's heart and was liberally dousing it in ketchup.

The demon unicorn snapped.

El Pendejo wasn't even aware that he had stood up before he found himself already out of his seat and stalking forward. He was making a straight line for them, and there was a table in his way. Barely giving it a thought, he flipped the table over his head, and with it the devils and demons who had been eating there. Bodies and food went flying.

Amidst the chaos, interested eyes watched the hulking luchador barrel towards the table where Oblivia and Qoxoq were now busy fucking one another whilst Bubbles gnawed on the ketchuppy heart of the spit-roasted angel spawn.

And then he was there, standing over them, breathing deeply, ready to rage.

Qoxoq and Oblivia disentangled themselves from one another to both look at him. Bubbles giggled, her shit-smeared lips wrapped around a chunk of heart.

“Hey. Man,” gurgled Qoxoq. “How’s. It. Hanging?” The standard greeting between members of the masturbate team.

“The first eight inches, to the left,” said El Pendejo. “The other four on the right.”

Qoxoq gurgled a laugh and held his fist up for a bump. But the unicorn demon did not bro-fist him. Then, all at once, Qoxoq grasped that he was getting nasty with the girl his ‘bate team partner spent half their sparring sessions mooning over.

“Hey. All’s. Fair. Bro,” he gurgled. “Bitch. Came. On. Strong.”

Oblivia’s eyes irised narrow. “Who are you referring to with the offensive honorific ‘bitch’?” she asked.

El Pendejo said nothing. Instead, he reached across the table, ignoring the other cheerleaders altogether, and plunged his fist into the guts of the baby angel.

He pulled out the creature’s stomach—a pale yellow balloon bloated with its stuffing of soured ambrosia—and held it in front of Oblivia’s android face. He held it on the flat of his palm, as if presenting her with something rare and wonderful, rather than an organ crammed to bursting with pus. It stank like rotting fish, like a pussy that has never be cleaned, its meaty folds still clogged with crusting semen.

El Pendejo clapped his other hand down hard on top, popping it with a wet, farting squish that sent gunk flying everywhere. Most of it went over Oblivia’s

(SIZZLE oh daddy sorry, it just got out of my hand! Oh daddy, your FACE!)

face.

There was a moment of stunned silence in the cafeteria.

Then somebody screamed, “FOOOOOOOOOOD FIIIIIIIIIIGHT!”

Fistfuls of rendered flesh were pitched in every direction. Clods of fat and brains, hails of teeth and eyeballs as the students ripped apart their food and flung it at each other.

Even as the student body launched into a calorie war, Oblivia Neutron-Bomb processed through her self-defense protocols not only the ratio of humiliation suffered in the act of being spooged with anal mung, but amplified that by the fact that it happened in front of the one male student who mattered in her estimations, and she completely lost her shit.

She screeched a feedback war cry of a teeth-shattering pitch. Instruments of death unfolded from her bionic forearms like twin Swiss Army chainsaws, and she immediately started to slaughter any and all within her reach, recognizing neither friend nor foe.

Taking advantage of the chaos, El Pendejo went for his target—not Oblivia, not Qoxoq... he ducked under the cheerleader's table and grabbed Bubbles' inflatable left leg, dragging her down.

Trojan yapped twice before the unicorn demon smashed it against the floor, killing the used prophylactic pooch in a spray of fishy smelling rotten cum.

El Pendejo had Bubbles Hitler by the back of her head.

"The fuck do you think you're doing, you greasy fucka?" she snarled, spraying him with piss-soaked fragments of shit.

"Teaching you some table manners," he said. "Bon appétit, chica," he snarled, and bit down on her cheek. He ripped her plastic face apart and slowly, relishing every foul mouthful, sucked each last drop of urine and sticky clod of turd out of her; there were the hard, slightly crusted plugs of turtle-heads to chew on, the long lean ropes that curl in the bowl, and of course, the hot slurry that thunders out of you after a night of Indian food and cheap beer.

El Pendejo ate the lot and called it ice cream.

And then, to add insult to injury, he prayed for her by saying grace.

The little differences...

Like high school, the academy had tribes, cliques, call them what you would... birds of a feather flocking together, normally to crap on whichever other flock was immediately below them in the pecking order. Jocks worked out their repressed sexuality by curb-stomping guys they were attracted to, cheerleaders taunted homely girls to suicide; it was the natural order of things.

Zsa Zsa turned amateur sociologist in the downtime between classes and resurrections.

Jocks, cheerleaders, mean girls, hipsters, hippies, gangsters, stoners, scenesters, punks, preps, skaters, goths, emos, skinheads, geeks and nerds, all had reflections in the abyss... but instead of, say, stoners, nerds, and goths, at the academy you had brimstoners, sinister poindexters, and anti-

goths. Because Hell was a cracked mirror, a funhouse mirror, those reflections were distorted and bizarre; there were punks and skinheads, sure, but the punks dressed conservatively and the skinheads lobbied for equal rights for all inferno inhabitants.

Zsa Zsa found her own niche co-opted; what place was there for an emotionally dead cum-dumpster, she thought, where hope was abandoned at the door and extreme sexual violence was the norm?

CHAPTER VIII
DAMNED BY THE BELL

FROZEN gasoline was falling, black snowflakes that shimmered with the colors of foul rainbows. They left sticky, flammable kisses on the windows. Beyond those windows, The Beast, as distant as a mountain, was using its train-sized cock to drown swimming pools of screaming quadriplegics.

Dro)))ne's penis had grown back, and he was celebrating by impaling a baby on it. It was an Asian baby; it screamed when he shoved his cock up its ass, then made some odd gurgling noises as it started to cough up bloody chunks of its own guts, but finally went silent when the tip of the fallen angel's erection burst out the top of its skull, like some obscene bird hatching. He used a finger to scrape neural tissue from the tip of his glans and tasted it like it was caviar.

"Murder, mayhem, maleficence... all standard stuff, old beaner," Dro)))ne yawned, idly flicking the baby's ears, "but to what do we owe your company right now?"

The unicorn demon looked puzzled.

"He wants to know what got you detention," Zsa Zsa said.

El Pendejo shrugged. "Not for eating Bubbles. I got me a haunch of that cherub, see, only that cherub wasn't cherub, it was a human baby, like the one that Dro)))ne is fucking right now. Knew it as soon as I gnawed off its ass. The parents had had it genetically modified, you know? They weren't serving cherub at all, and I let el gato out of the bag. You see the academy student paper? There was a big exposé. So I got detention for tattling."

Bibbidibobbidibu was curious. "Genetically modified to have wings? Is that a real thing up on Earth?"

Zsa Zsa nodded. “It started off small, people wanting their kids to be born with blue eyes and shit,” she said. “Then after a few years, it kinda got out of hand. Humans like to fuck with their offspring.”

She frowned. “What’s the ‘masturbate’ team?” she asked.

Bibbi answered. “On Earth—in your schools on Earth, Bibbi means—you had wrestling teams, yes? Well, the sport in Hell simply makes the underlying homoeroticism explicit; players grapple and attempt to jerk each other off. The loser comes first.”

Dro)))ne was grinning.

“The fuck are you smiling at, homes?” asked El Pendejo.

“Oh, not much, I suppose. Except... I think I’ve put it together.”

“Put what together?” asked Zsa Zsa.

“Think about it,” said the fallen angel, pulling the dead baby off his cock; he had something much more fun to play with now. “Our taco-bending chum had been humiliated in front of the one he lusted for, and then a trusted friend of his started getting nasty with that same object of affection... and yet what really got his goat, haw haw?”

The other students said nothing.

Dro)))ne smirked. “A matter of the heart? A matter of... ketchup? ‘Cooking is for fags and bitches’? Ladies, I give you your fag bitch!”

El Pendejo pounded his fists on the desk where he sat. “Fuck you homes!” he roared. “I ain’t interested in no gastronomic arts!”

Silence.

Dro)))ne raised an eyebrow. Zsa Zsa looked at El Pendejo.

Bibbidibobbidibu broke the silence. “By referring to fine cuisine, dining, and cooking by calling them…you know…knowing the term ‘gastronomic arts’ kind of gives you away.”

“You like cooking?” said Zsa Zsa, only half a question.

El Pendejo looked down at his desk and snarled.

“Machismo level... dropping,” sniggered Dro)))ne.

El Pendejo covered his face.

Silence.

“I love cooking,” the unicorn sobbed. “But a man does not cook. It is my most secret shame.”

Awkward silence.

Zsa Zsa sniffed.

“You know,” she said, slowly, “when I was alive, in high school, I’d fuck or suck anybody who had a fin to spare. Guess that’s not so bad—not down here, anyway—but I lived in a country that said one thing and did another, so girls weren’t supposed to just fuck or suck any guy who could front a few bucks. But I did, because it was the only way to get what I wanted. What I loved. That, and my dad had been using me for a sex toy for so long I pretty much had no self-esteem by that point.”

“And you were ashamed?” asked the unicorn.

Zsa Zsa shook her head. “Generation XXX don’t feel nothing, least of all shame. But I was supposed to because of the fucked up morality of a soulless culture.”

“What did you love then?” asked Dro)))ne, who suddenly looked surprised to have heard himself speak. He tried to claim himself back: “Just keeping the banality rolling, for want of anything better to listen to.”

Suddenly, the nerdy little imp Bibbidibobbidibu exploded. “Quit acting like you’re better than everyone!” she screamed. “You’re just a drone, that’s all you ever were, one of the endless faceless legions of drones swarming in Heaven! Drone, definition: Young male insect who does no work, but lives on the labors of others! And no, adding a bunch of silent parentheses to your title doesn’t distinguish you as being anything other than a snob with delusions of adequacy!”

She looked as surprised at her outburst as any of them were.

Dro)))ne blinked twice, quick insect blinks.

El Pendejo sniggered.

“I collected racist kid’s books,” Zsa Zsa said, filling the noise void. “Tintin in the Congo, Gingerbeard and the Niggerbreadmen... Used to spend hundreds online buying first editions.”

Zsa Zsa shrugged.

(The counselor, fucked up on cinnamon vodka and Valium;

“Come in and take a seat....” he drawled.

She closed the door.

“...is what someone who gave a rat’s ass would say.”)

“The school counselor told me it was a reaction against my dad’s obsession with the quaint, squeaky clean Thomas the Tank Engine books. Said I was subconsciously ruining their innocence the same way he ruined mine. The counselor told me this when I was throating him for a double sawbuck.”

Nobody said anything for a while.

Then, El Pendejo, voice unsteady, began, “I guess that...”

The door smashed open and Mr. Rhadamanthus stood there, his tower of faces all scowling.

“Ah ha!” he declared. “I thought I heard the sound of conversation that could lead to personal revelations! Cut that nonsense out, you are here to be punished, not to experience self-actualizing epiphanies!”

Dro)))ne rolled his eyes.

Mr. Rhadamanthus fixed on him. “Do you have something you wish to share, Mr. Dro)))ne?” he asked in his devil’s dozen voices.

The fallen angel sneered. “Actually, I had a dreadfully witty riposte all lined up, but I fear it would be wasted upon your good self, so I’ll just go with a stock response: Chew on my willy, your honor.”

Mr. Rhadamanthus started to shade red. His bottom face flushed red, and the blood started to rise up through each of his other faces, like he was less a totem pole than a thermometer.

“What... did... you... say?” he gritted.

The other students clammed up, though not from fear; good theater was rare in the academy, and none of them wanted to miss the show.

“Oh dear,” rang Dro)))ne’s plummy tones. “Aurally challenged as well as mentally deficient. Do let me repeat myself, lest my meaning remain unclear: Chew on my willy, your honor. Understand? It’s a slight variation on the more traditional invitation to suck my cock.”

Mr. Rhadamanthus swallowed thickly. “WHAT?” was all he managed.

“Cock, Mr. Rhadamanthus. I was inviting you to pleasure my boy bits with your mouth…” He paused to correct himself. “Mouths. Unfamiliar with the term? Perhaps you know it by another name? My penis, dick, schlong, dong, wing wang, johnson, crank, skin flute, one-eyed monster, pink piccolo, purple headed womb broom, etcetera, etcetera....”

Mr. Rhadamanthus exploded with rage, his many mouths all began ranting at once:

“Such insubordination...”

“I will not have my authority challenged...”

“Who do you think you are...”

“I have never in all my years...”

“RIGHT, THAT’S IT YOU LITTLE FUCK....”

“All of you,” Mr. Rhadamanthus roared, “are now on drudge manual labor detail!”

There was a collective groan.

“Now what?” asked Zsa Zsa.

It was much like a production line. They stood on a metal grille floor, each with their tools, and took care of the patients as they swung in. The patients were strung up by meat hooks rammed up through their throats and out through their mouths, hooking them by their jaws to dangle from a conveyer chain that ran overhead and brought them in from one entrance to be processed before being hauled out to exit from the other end of the room.

Processing was basic torture with whatever the students wished; between the more refined, thought out forms of torture, there was plain, simple physical trauma, the everyday business of Hell.

They each had their own choice of instrument with which to inflict as much pain as possible on each patient during an allocated sixty second window before a new batch of patients rotated through:

El Pendejo had his favorite cheese grater.

Dro)))ne had the needle he had been issued in Heaven.

Bibbidibobbidibu had the scissors she favored.

And Zsa Zsa had a chainsaw.

Zsa Zsa’s choice drew sniggers from the others.

“A chainsaw?” drawled Dro)))ne. “How bourgeois!”

“Si,” said El Pendejo. “Chainsaws are for bitches!”

Bibbi shrugged. “I have to, y’know, agree. They’re a bit played out, a bit of a cliché.”

“Well fucking sorry, I’m sure,” Zsa Zsa said.

They got to work.

El Pendejo used his grater to scrape the flesh from the chest of an anesthesiologist from Ontario. Curls of hairy skin and blood dribbled out of the grater as the patient screamed into his ball gag.

“Always knew I’d end up working the line,” sighed the unicorn demon. He glanced at Dro)))ne to his left. “The fuck you gonna do with an itty bitty needle, homes?”

The fallen angel held his tool up to the light. It glittered.

“We were all issued these in Heaven,” he mused. “Though, I suppose a largely illiterate tortilla twister like you is unfamiliar with the

theological implications of ‘camels’ and ‘needle eyes’.”

El Pendejo snorted and used his grater to remove the flesh from his patient’s forehead, right down to the bone. “I know it,” he said, “But ain’t that cheating? Nobody is getting through the eye of no needle.”

Dro)))ne smirked, and in a twinkling, the needle grew as long as a javelin.

He said nothing, though. His patient was a shrimp farm manager from Laos, who howled into his ball gag as the fallen angel stuck the fine point of his giant needle up into his rectum and shoved, skewering him through his puckering anus and liver and lungs, until the tip popped out of his right eyeball, piercing the miracle of sight.

“Shit man, how much dinero do you think gets budgeted for ball gags?”

“They buy in bulk, old beaner, from the same firm who supplies the Catholic church. Got to keep those choir boys quiet somehow.”

El Pendejo frowned. “But how then would they sing?”

Dro)))ne sighed. “I meant keep them quiet whilst Father Kiddy Fiddler buggers them silly.”

Bibbidibobbidibu was snipping the nipples from a Chilean accountant. She stopped long enough to pop one into her mouth before she looked at Zsa Zsa, who was struggling to start her chainsaw. “Give it a little... look, that little bubble under the ignition? Thumb-pump that to prep it first.”

Zsa Zsa found the little bubble. “Um, thanks, I guess,” she said.

The chainsaw roared to life.

Her patient was an Armenian guitarist.

She sawed through his shins in a welter of bone shards and whipping tendons. Then she rammed it into his crotch and let gravity drag his guts downwards onto the whizzing teeth, spraying blood and shreds of intestines in all directions.

Bibbidibobbidibu had snipped off her patient’s vaginal lips and had the blades pinched around the accountant’s clitoris, but nodded her appreciation of the splatter. “Cool beans,” she said, and closed the blades on the fat little bundle of nerves.

El Pendejo licked clods of pale yellow fat off his lips and scraped his cheese grater down his patient’s knee caps. “Bueno, little human,” he said.

Even Dro)))ne nodded. “Good show... for a mortal,” he said.

“Hey,” said the imp, suddenly.

The fallen angel looked at her.

“The way you, how you spoke to Rhadamanthus,” she said, “that was pretty, that was pretty cool. Sometimes I swear, that, that, PRICK, I could pray for him.”

Dro)))ne preened.

“Yeah esse,” said El Pendejo, “I hate that fucker, and seeing how you just pushed all his buttons like that... like the chica said, cool.”

The fallen one preened some more. Then he looked at Zsa Zsa. “And what about little miss humanity? Any lauded words for yours truly on the subject of my dealing with the Judge, Jury, and general fuckface, Mr. Rhadamanthus?”

Zsa Zsa placed the tip of her chainsaw horizontally against her patient’s rib cage, and very, very slowly began to saw him in half. “It was okay,” she said. “But really, I’m more interested... say, Dro)))ne? I’ve got a question about angels...”

CHAPTER IX
THE COLLECTIVE NOUN FOR A GROUP OF ANGELS IS A “HOLOCAUST”

DURING her first few weeks in Hell (if weeks they were; she was uncertain of any sort of length of time, as she never stayed alive long enough to grow tired enough for sleep, that great way of counting off slices of eternity), Zsa Zsa had tried to make sense of things.

Being a member of generation XXX, emotionally deadened by the ability to view any kind of depravity 24 hours a day on the internet, as well as the endless sexual abuse at the hands of her father, her mind had not shattered under the constant assault of horrors all around her or personally visited upon her person, but she was not so long out of high school that she didn’t immediately fall back into the pattern of trying to establish her place. She asked a lot of questions, between episodes of being disemboweled, corpse-fucked, or forced to endure vomit enemas and suffocation in Beast shit.

Funnily enough, her time at high school wasn’t so much different than her time in the academy. She had probably spent as much time taking

cock during her senior year as she had since being reborn in Hell, only in life she had charged for it.

She was running late for the vivisection because at some point she had gotten pregnant and now she was struggling to hurry under the weight of her enormous belly. She had blown up as big as a beach ball, and Zsa Zsa didn't think that the sloshing sounds and sensations coming from inside her were a good sign. It didn't feel like there was a baby growing in her, but something else. She thought maybe this was how a zit felt: dangerous and ready to pop.

(Zsa Zsa had asked the Guttersnipe about the birds and the Beelzebubs;

"But where do demons come from?"

"Well, when a mommy demon and a DADDY demon rape each other very much, the harpy brings them their very own little bundle of joy. To physically, verbally, and mentally abuse."

"Fine, fuck you, don't tell me. You don't need to be such a dick about it."

"Would you prefer me to tell you that baby demons are found in the garbage patch? To own the truth, you end up a demon if you can't get work with the imaginary friend agency.")

In Hell, the line between pregnancy and venereal diseases was blurred. Her cunt was surrounded by boils that resembled milky blind eyeballs, and things like the yolks of green, rotting eggs kept sliding out of her cunt and down her thighs, leaving slimy, fart-smelling trails. She had seen one split open on the ground; curled in its heart like meat in ravioli was a parasite, a worm with a red-rimmed sucking mouth.

Zsa Zsa turned down the hallway that lead to the hangars, when she was confronted by a gang of demons who looked like the rabid and blood sick versions of breakfast cereal mascots: monkeys, toucans, rabbits. They grouped around their Alpha, a cartoon tiger in a neckerchief whose mouth was rimmed with dripping foam.

There was no witty banter, no demands for a toll to use the hall—he didn't even smile as he kicked her in the stomach so hard she was knocked on her ass, kicked her so hard that her water broke. At least, something broke, a dam of some kind, and suddenly her pussy exploded with a blast of yolk-chunky pus, hosing the demons as the infected contents of Zsa Zsa's bloated belly thundered out.

The stench of fish made her eyes water, as if a beached whale, baking for days in the sun, had finally detonated.

When her pussy stopped spraying, she used her fingers to scoop out a few pukey clods and scrim, stood up, and hurried past the demons on to her class. They did nothing, standing there covered in what could have been the juicy filth scraped from the bottom of a garbage can. Worms writhed stickily in their hair, obscene red mouths gulping the air.

"That's just grrrrreat," muttered the tiger.

Zsa Zsa counted the door numbers until she reached 1928374650-B, and pushed through it into a room the size of a football stadium, an aircraft hangar in which pale zeppelins wept in strange alien voices.

She walked into the hangar just in time to hear the lecturer start. She tried to be inconspicuous, weaving between students standing in pairs at tables heaped with knives and the huge chains that ascended towards the hangar's ceiling

"...medieval theologians surmised that flies were spontaneously generated by rotting pork. Then, by skillful use of this known fact, they answered Samson's riddle; after all, it was true that out of the strong came forth sweetness, so the noble lion's decomposition should birth the noble bee. Pig meat, flies. Lion corpse, bees. And from the incorruptible bodies of their saints..."

Zsa Zsa was partnered with the Guttersnipe, a friendly demoness.

The Guttersnipe was an anti-goth; she was sweet and relentlessly cheerful. She had an elephantine head and quarter-ton body, though her limbs were matchstick-thin and jointed in a dozen places. Her legs could not possibly support her weight, but shitting in the face of logic and physics, did so. The two halves of her bifurcated trunk coiled independently, curling into question marks when she was curious, and standing straight as exclamation points when surprised.

"Hey Zsa Zsa, great to see you! Say, you're kinda late, ain'tcha? Where've you been?" chirped the Gutternsipe.

"I got knocked up," whispered Zsa Zsa.

The demoness tittered. "Gee, given today's lesson, that's kinda ironic!" she said.

"I couldn't keep this one either..."

At the far end of the hangar, on a podium addressing the class, Dr. Droste cleared his throats. “Shut up back there! We hope you’re taking notes in between exchanging witticisms, because we are not repeating any of this!”

Zsa Zsa and the Guttersnipe clammed up.

Dr. Droste was a demonic ventriloquist dummy dressed in blood-soaked surgical scrubs, blank painted-on eyes and snapping jaw, holding a ventriloquist’s dummy of himself. Which had a dummy of its own. Which also had a dummy of its own, and so on, smaller and smaller until they couldn’t be seen with the naked eye. Satisfied that the class was paying attention, he returned to the subject at hand:

“The larvae curl in the gut, feeding on the fat around the kidneys. As they grow, the corpse belly—glistening with corruption—is stretched tight. We can see their sleeping faces through a skein of artery-laced skin. In their natural element, high among the wispy cirrus, they resemble nothing so much as whales. It is the massive, slow grace of their flanks which makes us think of those ocean creatures; the seraphim have no wings, mountains of glistening flesh rolling and being borne up in their own element.”

They might have been majestic creatures in the setting the good doctor described, but up close, here in the slaughter-hangar, they were pitiful. They hung close to the ceiling, tethered by gently clinking steel chains. The chains were mortared into the ground, and a harpoon with backward flowing needles was thrust deep into the seraphim’s bellies. Up close they were obscene, bloated, their bodies in constant motion like termite queens swallowing; no, grubs, or maggots, but instead of that little red eye maggots have, they had tiny human heads. The egg sacs were webbed to their gaping sex with mucous and their faces would be beautiful Raphaelites if not for the compound eyes.

Dr. Droste had his own seraph, and each pair of students had their own. Now he narrated what they had to do:

“We drag them down, passing chain hand over hand...”

The seraphim were dragged from high in the hangar’s rafters, sobbing as they came.

“We grab them by the hair, knotting a yard of it around our fist. We yank their fat faces back to expose what little throat lies between chin and chest fat. And here we cut, the serrated blade catching on tough fibers

—as tough as tree roots—before severing the head completely and letting the blood out."

The Guttersnipe had hauled their seraphim down and was holding onto it tightly even as it jerked and squirmed to be free, and then told Zsa Zsa she could "do the honors." Zsa Zsa picked up a huge Bowie knife from the pile on their operating table, stepped forward and slit the creature's throat. Liquid suddenly gushed from the wound, instantly boiling in the tainted air. It was mother of pearl in hue and had the flat mineral smell of sperm.

The smell was almost nostalgic, reminding Zsa Zsa of lunch hours in toilet stalls, working to collect enough money to buy an original copy of Curious George the Porch Monkey.

Dr. Droste was still narrating for his students, and they all attempted to copy him:

"Ducking low, a hundred tons of dying seraphim hanging over our heads, we quickly use our blade to trace a line from severed throat all along the underside of the belly, just breaking the skin to expose the buttery fat beneath, running one hand up in the air behind us like children dragging a kite through the sky. For a moment, it seems as though this layer will hold, flesh slowly parting like lips; but then the weight of innards causes it to rip open with a crackling noise as the guts thunder out, the membranes that web them in place breaking like a fisherman's net. A steaming catch is unleashed across the rough concrete floor."

Intestines as wide as a horse's belly and heavily veined, boulder-sized organs avalanched out, the floor gutters running thick with suet grease. Smothered in juices, gasping for air, the students howled with laughter whenever any of them could open their mouths without having them filled with fat and guts.

The Guttersnipe trumpeted bloody chunks, and Zsa Zsa pressed two fingers to one nostril to blow out bits.

The seraphim's bodies sagged as they emptied, like parade balloons deflating.

The many puppet mouths of Dr. Droste now instructed the students in the search for what the exercise was all about:

"A quick glimpse of the sickly green organ we want, green with disease, old seaweed color, and we wade hip-deep through the spreading drift of guts."

Half-striding, half-hopping, working against a strong tide, the doctor plunged through the guts of his own seraph to seize an organ large enough to carry in both arms, curled like the shell of some ancient sea animal, the skin pulled tight enough to shine. He cradled it and gave it a brief shake; its contents sloshed thickly.

"We cut it open," he said, plunging his knife into the thing; it breathed rotten air, gasping through the slit made in its cheek-thick hide. Seraph shit and half-digested food poured out, and with it something else: a stone as big as an egg, hard and glossy but for all the world like holding a chunk of the thunder haunted sky, rolling darkness sometimes lit by silent flashes.

The students were all locating the shell-like organ, finding and stabbing and pulling them apart in order to reach in and fish out their own stones.

Zsa Zsa hauled at the tough membrane until the Guttersnipe's bizarre, stick-thin limbs could fish around inside the still-warm organ, and with a triumphant, "Gotcha, cunt!" plucked out their own egg-shaped chunk of thunderhead.

Dr. Droste's free hand held his stone up, as if to examine it in better light as the deflated seraphim wheezed and died in the air all around. Each of his miniature selves also held their hands up, as if they too held treasures to the light.

In reverent tones he spoke:

"Ambergris transforms eau de toilette into exquisite parfum, but it is hard to come by; it is a byproduct of the sperm whale's digestive track, a reaction to irritation from squid beaks. Here, then, is another reason to compare these beings with those gentle ocean monsters that humans call whales. Here is the stone of the philosophers."

The Guttersnipe made a cooing noise.

Zsa Zsa frowned, raised her gore-drenched hand.

"A question?" noticed the good doctor. "What is it?"

Zsa Zsa was still frowning. "What are they for?" she asked. "I mean, we've just killed a bunch of seraphim for some shiny rocks? What for?"

The Guttersnipe closed her eyes in pained embarrassment. "Awwww, Zsa Zsa! Rookie mistake, girlfriend!"

The rest of the students started laughing.

Dr Droste, on all of his puppet faces, wore an incredulous look. “Well,” he began slowly, as if he were speaking to someone who had been dropped on their head as an infant... repeatedly. “The alchemists used to use it to convert lead into gold. But down here, we put it to a more practical use. You are familiar with how coal used to be burned to provide heat, energy, power for electricity?”

Zsa Zsa nodded.

“And how coal was soon replaced with plutonium, as plutonium was ever so much more efficient than coal?”

Zsa Zsa nodded.

Droste hefted the philosopher’s stone.

“The underworld requires a lot of juice to run the torture machines and generally keep the eternal flames hot. This is what plutonium wants to be when it grows up. Honestly, what are they teaching you young demons in Hellementary?”

The little differences...

In a regular high school, the janitor was your go-to guy for one of two things: either he had connections to get the best shit—a little ketamine, say, or even some veterinary grade ‘roids— or he was Puerto Rican and good for hassling, knowing that he couldn’t hit back for fear of getting his ass deported.

Except that in Hell, at the academy, it wasn’t simple fun knocking out Mr. Lopez’s permanent teeth in a security camera blindspot... students were encouraged to employ what they had learned in their classes. And the academy’s janitor was not a minimum wage immigrant struggling to afford his eldest kid’s insulin. The janitor in Hell was Adolf Hitler, author of the kids’ classic The Wonderful Wizard of Auschwitz.

Or, as the student body called him, “The Guinea Pig.”

If a demon needed to do some last minute preparations for an exam, or if they were unsure about the finer points of a vivisection they had just attended, they would seek out The Guinea Pig.

Zsa Zsa had wondered why—from all of the billions of damned available to maim at will (there was a surplus, wasn’t there? Plenty of people, right? That’s why she had been enrolled, as an experiment to see about boosting numbers),—the students kept on picking on Hitler.

It never occurred to the morally hollow generation XXX lass that maybe he deserved it.

In the end, she asked the man herself.

She found him under the bleachers out by the football field. Out on the gridiron—an actual gridiron suspended over roaring flames—the marching band practiced, cooking as they tortured Sousa. Zsa Zsa wondered why they all had bagpipes, and why they hadn't tuned the fucking things, until she looked closer and saw they weren't bagpipes at all...

"Hey, Hitler, got a question," she said.

He was recovering from a student's free study period, lying in cooling blood and the shredded remains of his jumpsuit. His spine had been ripped out and rammed in one ear to poke out the other, skewering his brain, whilst his urethra had been sliced out of his penis like a shrimp being de-veined. He couldn't speak because his knee caps had been cut off and stuffed into his mouth.

Zsa Zsa explained what she had been wondering, why the students made a beeline for him when there were plenty of damned—or even other students—to test out torture on.

His remaining eye rolled to look at her, its twin mashed into the dirt like gum. Already the erectoplasm he was made from was beginning the agonizing task of congealing again.

He spat out his kneecaps and snapped, "Dumkopff! Why do you THINK? Power, girl, power! Because they CAN!"

Zsa Zsa thought about it. And then she got it.

Because in an education system designed to brutalize and demean and grind you down, a system in which you are powerless under authoritarian rule that makes no sense, fucking with the janitor is the most fun you can have as a student.

Little differences, but big similarities.

CHAPTER X
ALIENS IN HEAVEN

"SO angels are actually a kind of insect?" asked Zsa Zsa.

Dro)))ne shook his head. "Not quite, old girl. We're an alien species which closely resembles the arthropods native to the planet Earth."

“Aliens? There are aliens in Heaven?”

“Of course!” the fallen angel laughed. “Out of the seventy-two million sentient species in the Milky Way galaxy, humans were the only ones to fall from a state of grace, and thus need saving by the Messiah... who got killed before he could fulfill the divine plan.”

An echo in the fissures of her brain, Mr. Guts’ words from her first day at the academy came back to her:

(“Unfortunately for humanity, the one true faith only existed for three years during the late 1970s before all its members were killed in a firefight with an overzealous branch of the US intelligence community, thus damning mankind for all time.”)

The students had paired off, El Pendejo and Bibbidibobbidibu ending up in deep discussion even as Zsa Zsa an Dro)))ne had done so. They continued their torture of the never-ending procession of hanging patients pretty much by rote, their attentions too much taken up with deep soul searching dialogue to really inflict maximum carnage upon the damned.

The imp had taken to simply snipping through the webbed parts of the patients’ fingers, occasionally changing her tempo by pulling their ball gags out so she could cut into the corners of their mouths and snip-snip-snip through the cheeks to give them wide Glasgow grins. As she did so, she unloaded about how much pressure she was under, seeing as though her grandfather, Lucifer, expected her to one day take over the family business.

The unicorn demon kept getting child patients, anything from Arabian crack babies to spoiled Canadian tweenagers. He used his cheese grater to scrape them down to the bone whilst confessing to the imp that all he dreamed off was crème fraiche and heirloom tomatoes.

Bibbidibobbidibu sniggered.

“What you laughing at, chica?” asked El Pendejo.

The imp pointed to the four-year-old the lucha libre-themed demon was torturing. He’d gotten most of the little girl’s flesh off her back, her shoulder blades and ribs glistening just like her tear-streaked cheeks.

“What’s red and screams as it shrinks?” asked the imp.

El Pendejo shook his head.

“A baby with a potato peeler.”

The demon frowned, before finally the gears in his head clicked together and ground meaning from the words.

He laughed. The imp laughed.

New patients swung in on hooks.

As one, they all began to work their patients' feet. It was subconscious, drilled into students, that for some reason the feet were particularly areas of extreme gruesomeness.

El Pendejo began to scrape the soles of his patient's feet, the cheese grater ripping right down to the long tendons in the arches. Dro)))ne carefully, one by one, inserted his tiny needle under his patient's toenails, right to the end, shoving so far that the tip passed right through the knuckle. Bibbidibobbidibu used her scissors to crunch through the Achilles tendons of her patient's ankles...

Zsa Zsa sighed, and began to saw through her patient's shin like they were tree branches.

"What's on your mind?" asked Dro)))ne. For once his tone wasn't of aloof amusement; he seemed to genuinely want to know what had caused her to sigh.

Zsa Zsa sighed again. For some reason, she felt the desire to drop the whole 'generation XXX' and reveal a real part of her soul. She turned her chainsaw off, her job only half done. She picked up the leg she had cut off and stuffed the sheared shinbone up her patient's anus.

"All the stuff that's happened to me since I died and came here…" she said, gazing wistfully at what she had done, just before new patients were hauled in. "It's just that... can I tell you something?"

The fallen angel nodded, then slid his suddenly tiny needle into the urethra of the Mongolian herdsman hanging in front of him. With a twitch, the needle lengthened, going down the entire shaft of the herdsman's penis and straight into the patient's prostate.

Agony-vomit exploded out of the herdsman's nose and from the sides of his ball gag even as he came.

Zsa Zsa closed her eyes. "There's only one thing I regret about my life," she said. "I... had a baby. And I let her daddy take her away. I wanted to keep her, but..."

Zsa Zsa sobbed, only the second time she had ever done so in her life or afterlife.

Dro)))ne sniffed. "He sounds like a cunt."

Zsa Zsa wiped her eyes. “Who?” she asked.

“The father of your little girl,” said the fallen angel.

Zsa Zsa frowned. “Well,” she said, “He was my dad, too. I didn’t have much choice.”

Dro))ne opened his mouth. Closed it again. Thought through what she had said.

Then he understood. “Oh,” was all he could say.

He paused. “I’ll pray for him,” said the fallen angel.

“Thank you. That means a lot,” said Zsa Zsa.

They were both quiet for a time. It was awkward.

To break the silence, Zsa Zsa finally said, “So, we’ve heard from everyone else... what did you get detention for?”

It was Dro)))ne’s turn to sigh. “Do you recall, earlier, when El Pendejo was talking about the cheerleaders?”

CHAPTER XI
HIGH SCHOOL MASSACRE: THE MUSICAL

I’LL show them all.

At his desk the fallen angel was only aware of his indignation, the knuckles of his four hands white as he struggled to keep himself under control. The rest of the classroom was only a background noise to the inner rage he felt.

None of the other students picked up on the bad psychic mojo coming from Dro)))ne, not even the two girls in the middle row who were involved in his rage: Ada Nauseum and the Great Feast. They slumped in boredom at their desks, idly masturbating or talking smack to each other, as completely indifferent to the ticking time bomb in their midst as they were to their fellow student at the front of the room giving his report.

The monotony of this report was the bass line to Dro)))ne’s inner rant.

...show them all. The gall, the sheer bloody nerve. I was in the choir! The celestial bloody choir! What do these ethereal hicks know of harmony and tempo!

The class was Basic Theology. Today’s assignment had been a class presentation on the theme of “Shit: All That God Gives Us To Play With.” So far there had been reports on such diverse topics as the use of

newborn centaur meconium as a sexual lubricant, through to a detailed reconstruction of the first murder committed by stabbing someone with a frozen turd. There had been mild interest in the fact that said murder was then followed by the victim's daughter buckling on a strap-on dildo, with which she proceeded to fuck her daddy's newly made hole, but otherwise the entire class had been a snooze-fest.

Now was the turn of Wednesday's Child, the offspring of an incubus impregnating a mortal woman... not exactly a rare occurrence, only this particular demonic offspring had decided not to be born. He had grown to adulthood still in his human mother's womb, and the lady herself was forced to cart her enormous distended belly around in a wheelbarrow, weeping and in agony forever.

Wednesday's Child's voice was muffled, but that did nothing to cut through the monotony of his delivery, that monotony which seems to infect the throats of all students everywhere forced to stand before the class and read from a paper.

"My report is on the Golems of Cloacina..."

Dro)))ne closed his eyes, consciously controlled his breathing.

...mouth breathers couldn't tell their arseholes from their appetites, let alone their altos from their tenors. They wouldn't know talent if it walked up and jammed a gun to their heads and screamed "I AM BLOODY TALENT." I mean, just look at those two cunts...

Dro)))ne glared daggers at the two cheerleaders in the middle row. Ada Nauseum was a bloated hippo girl whose skin was plated with thousands of fingernails, a wipe-clean surface for the bodily fluids that gushed and squirted out of her: her ears constantly dribbled orange wax, her vast nostrils were twin rivers of lumpy green snot, pink milk seeped from her bloated tits and her cunt and ass took turns farting and queefing shit and menses. Constant tear-shaped eyeballs leaked from empty sockets down her cheeks.

By contrast, the other cheerleader, the Great Feast, was palatable, even if she was a girl made of rotting food; her liver lips were liquefying, the hard-boiled eggs of her eyes swollen with pus, whilst her watermelon tits were half-deflated and furry with mold and her cracked, candy cane ribs were showing.

The teacher, Mr. Golgotha, was thankful he had no nostrils, being only a skeleton of a demon. The three crucifixes that were nailed through

the top of his skull were gagging—or rather, the tiny, brightly colored fairies nailed to the crosses were gagging—from the stench. But not the stench of the cheerleaders.

Wednesday's Child had gone for the extra credit and done his presentation as show and tell...

"...a shit spirit, or to use the technical language established in On the Origin of Feces, a type of excremental..."

'Additional Spotter!' 'Additional bloody Spotter!' I should have bloody well been the Flyer! I should have led the bloody squad!

Dro)))ne had been a member of the celestial choir, the seraphim who proclaimed the everlasting glory of the Divine unceasing, accompanied by the music of the spheres.

It had been a sweet gig for the first few million years, but then the novelty had worn thin, as The Divine—ultimate egomaniac that It was—desired only to hear Its beatific magnificence repeated endlessly. Dro)))ne had undergone an aeon of training to secure his place in the alto register, and the mindless parroting of "Hosanna" and "Hallelujah" and "Gloria, Gloria" in the same limited range was, in his opinion, a waste of his talent. And so, around about the 1920s, he had suddenly burst into a little impromptu free-styling.

It was this display of free will—anathema to the Ultimate Control Freak—that earned him his damnation, and whose reverberations through the layers of space time had created every new genre of music from jazz on through to heavy metal, as well as any other style which had been condemned by earthly shitheads as being "the Devil's music."

So, when on his way to lunch one day, he had seen the signup sheet for cheerleader tryouts, and he had automatically assumed that if he went in for the top spot, he would get it. Who better to lead the cheer than someone who had been "cheering" on The Divine for aeons? Who better for the stunts than a "Flyer" who had actually flown, flown through the endless skies of Elysium itself?

Wednesday's Child had brought an actual Golem of Cloacina to class. Roughly man-shaped, it stood eight feet tall and was made entirely out of shit. Bubbles of green gas belched from its flesh whilst tapeworms and flukes extended slimy heads out into the air. It had a crude face made up of many tiny corn kernels (which, as Wednesday's Child pointed out, "Native

Americans call maize") that formed beady yellow eyes and a big stupid yellow-toothed grin.

It stank to high Heaven... well, it stank. Mr. Golgotha's tiny crucified fairies were vomiting onto his skull from the eye-watering stink.

Wednesday's Child droned on, muffled monotony emerging from its mother's cunt. It shifted a little as it flipped to the next page, causing ripples across her shiny-tight skin.

"...and much like the genie is called forth from the lamp, so is this excremental summoned by attempting to polish a turd..."

The students still paid no attention. The latest gossip was that a human had been inducted into the academy, fresh grist for the rumor mill.

Dro)))ne was very smooth, careful not to draw attention to himself as he hefted his hessian knapsack out from under his desk as if to idly flip through for a text book. If anyone had been looking over his shoulder at that moment, they would have seen the grip of a pistol peeking from behind his well-worn copy of Dictionaire Infernale.

...make you all pay...

Wednesday's Child had finally come to the end of his report. There was an ironic cheer from someone who had been half-listening to it.

Mr. Golgotha scratched something onto his note pad, standing up slowly so as not to disturb his guts; his insides were looped and wrapped around coat hangers, hung up inside his ribcage, hooked over the ribs.

"Very nice. A bit olfactory... but you have a good grasp of the material. So feel free to go wash your hands." He looked around the class to see if anyone liked his joke. Blank faces from Ada Nauseum and the Great Feast, an ironic yawn from a jigwhore, and a minotaur in the back row gave him the finger; nobody likes teachers who try to get down with the kids. "Uhhh, let's see... Dro)))ne, you're up next."

Dro)))ne closed his bag, picked it up, and slouched towards the front of the class as Mr. Golgotha eased himself back down into his chair. The fallen angel passed Wednesday's Child being wheeled back to his desk, and gave the little suckup's mom a rabbit punch.

Dro)))ne kept his bag clasped in two of his hands as he turned to the class, his other pair resting easily on top. Fallen angels were actually a novelty in Hell, as the original horde that had been kicked out of Heaven during the Unpleasantness had by now all graduated to middle management, so for a moment all eyes—eyes cold and dead as remorseless

as a shark's, eyes milky and blind, eyes every color of the nightmare spectrum—were on him.

For a moment he was transported. For a moment it was opening night and this was the rapture moment before the standing ovation.

Then reality kicked in as someone muttered, "Faggot."

It was the Great Feast. The black bananas she had for a right hand were spread in an L-shape across the rotting Swiss cheese skin of her forehead.

Ada snorted, causing snot bubbles to blossom in her fist-sized nostrils.

Dro)))ne's anger became very still. The eye of the storm had arrived.

He had his report memorized;

"My theology report on the topic, 'Shit: All That God Gives Us To Play With.' I noticed recently that halos are the same shape as toilet seats; God needs a place to go when He's touching cloth (or Turin shroud), so why not on the head of a saint? It would also explain the tonsures of monks —such men make traditional saint material—as shit sticks to hair. The tonsure suddenly makes sense for its practicality."

He spoke rapidly, precisely, a crazy cadence in a suave tone. Mr. Golgotha looked up from his notes; he had been doodling a picture of himself dressed as a cowboy.

"Also, consider that halos are the same color as piss, proving that God is a man, because he cannot aim straight. Halos are also known under other names, one of which is 'gloriole'. Gloriole... glory hole… see the toilet connection again? And need I mention Martin Luther nailing his feces to the cathedral door?"

In one smooth, cool as icy-fuck movement, Dro)))ne flipped open his bag, reached in with his free hands, and then let it fall out of his other pair. The bag dropped slowly, or seemed so to him, seeming to allow the guns to appear as though he had unsheathed them from thin air.

The bag hit the ground.

Time slowed, slowed... stopped.

He stood before his classmates revealed. All those bizarre and hideous eyes were drawn back to him, then down to the guns.

Mr. Golgotha said, "Holy shit!"

Dro)))ne cocked his head.

"Indeed," he said, and opened fire.

He had been to the Pope Hole for ammunition. The Pope Hole was one of the few things Dante Alighieri had gotten right in his Divine Comedy:

the Catholic Popes were stuffed, one after another, down a deep hole, headfirst, each subsequent Holy Father having his face stuffed into the ass of his predecessor—as the old saying went, “Hell is other papal”. The last one in typically had his legs wiggling in the air, and this was where Dro)))ne had gotten his ammo from, sneaking to the Hole between classes in order to masturbate the last Pope in and fill up his water pistols with semi-divine cum.

Mr. Golgotha got a face full of rotting old man jism, which sizzled and burned like acid. His cheekbones rotted and his jaw unhinged and ripped away to shatter on the floor.

Sizzle.

“AGGGGGGHHHHkkkrlliiirkkkkkrklll...”

The fallen angel spun, fingers white-knuckling, tight on the triggers, sending twin streams arcing out across the class; they were like two pearl necklaces exploding, sending bullet-sized drops flying indiscriminately into the student body. Each and every drop was like super concentrated acid to demonic flesh.

Howls from weird lungs went up from across the room. Those who tried to escape from the burning pain panicked and tripped over themselves, in turn bringing down fellow students who were already trying to flee, in turn ensuring they were all splattered with the deadly fluid.

The gun-sights came to rest on Ada Nauseum and the Great Feast, sat right in the middle, center stage. The fallen angel squeezed the triggers even harder, allowing the full force of the two jets to wash over the cheerleaders.

The rotting food girl dissolved in seconds. She took the full blast right in the chest, the peeling rind of her tits shriveling up under the Pope cum. Faster than any acid, it ate through her already-decayed body, hollowing her. She didn’t even have time to scream before her body collapsed in on itself into a fizzing, sizzling puddle of sticky-fluffy garbage that spilled out of her chair and across the floor.

Ada Nauseum ignored it. Her giant body was scaly with fingernails, which were used to being stained with every sort of bodily fluid imaginable.

“That your best shot?” she asked, before suddenly launching herself from her desk with a bellow, barreling towards Dro)))ne.

He casually removed an odd looking cylinder from his pocket and held it aloft.

Ada looked at it... and realized she was totally fucked.

The fallen angel casually tossed the pipe bomb at her. It wheeled end over end through the air, traced a graceful arc that...

Ada caught it and immediately stuck it in her mouth.

She produced a cigarette lighter and sparked up, taking

a deep, deep drag.

"I know what comes next," she croaked, exhaling, "but a gal can't pass on getting herself ripped to the tits."

Dro)))ne wasn't listening. His water pistols were out of Papal dude goo, and so he was moving on to his backup weapon.

The hippo girl took another long drag on the crack pipe bomb, which then exploded, blowing her skull apart in a deafening blast of blood and bone and brains

Dro)))ne sighted down his custom-made rollover revolver.

The usual rollover revolver had two swing-out cylinders affixed together into a figure of eight, thus providing infinite rounds of whatever it was loaded with, but Dro)))ne's had three cylinders, a triple-six shooter.

He had loaded it with silver bullets. The silver was from the thirty pieces Judas Iscariot had done the dirty for.

Casually, Dro)))ne stalked around the classroom, finding any students who were dying or who had tried hiding, and summarily executed them with a bullet to the face.

Mr. Golgotha hadn't died in the initial phase of the attack and had dragged himself almost to the door before it became apparent that Dro)))ne had let him live.

That was intentional on the fallen angel's part.

There was the sound of a hammer being cocked.

The teacher dared to look up.

"After fairly extensive testing, I can now declare that the old wives tale is true," said the fallen angel. "The last thing anyone does upon dying is to violently—and with a complete lack of dignity—void their bowels."

He pressed the gun against Mr. Golgotha's temple.

"Put simply: Shit happens."

CHAPTER XII
NEEDLE THROUGH THE EYE OF

THE machinery of Hell had broken down. It did that from time to time; it was very, very old.

The students were squatting on the metal grille of the floor, the patients they had been torturing forgotten. After the machinery had screeched to a halt, as the gears as large as cities had ground to a stop, new patients were no longer coming through, and the students had worked on the ones they had until there was barely enough left of the bodies to soak up in a paper towel.

But they hadn't stopped talking the whole while. None of them; not the jock, not the snob, not the nerd or the new girl.

The imp had spoken about her grandfather's plans for her, whilst the unicorn had spoken of his secret dreams of cooking. The fallen angel sighed and spoke of the rigidly structured, organized hierarchy of Paradise compared to the insane free for all of the Pit, and Zsa Zsa had opened up about her horrific home life... though her story of child abuse and alienation that ultimately lead to her father impregnating her, the subsequent murder of the malformed monster child, disposed of in the waste food dumpster at her work, and her own eventually violent revenge against her father, was dismissed as less interesting than her knowledge of such things as malls, popular music, soft drinks, and various other overlooked miracles of the real world.

The single light bulb overhead sputtered.

Zsa Zsa sighed. "What's Heaven like?" she asked Dro)))ne.

"I couldn't possibly explain," he said. "The difference between Heaven and not-Heaven is the difference between absolute order and complete chaos. In Heaven, everyone has their place and the future is known; in not-Heaven there is free will. Horrible, horrible free will."

Zsa Zsa smiled. It was the first real smile she could remember in... ever. It was wistful. "I wish I could see it," she said.

Bibbidibobbidibu snorted. "Well why don't you just ask to see it? Just ask."

Zsa Zsa frowned. "What the fuck do you mean? How can I see Heaven? I've been damned!"

The imp pointed at Dro)))ne.

"Anyone can see Heaven. Anyone. You, me, anyone, even if they can't get in—doors are opened by keys, and keyholes can be looked through."

Zsa Zsa was puzzled. El Pendejo elbowed Dro)))ne in the ribs. "Go on esse, show her," he said.

Dro)))ne sighed. “I can let you get a quick peek at Paradise, if you so wish it,” he admitted.

“How?” asked Zsa Zsa.

The fallen angel produced his needle. “Through the needle’s...” he said, then leaned over and stuck the point of steel straight into Zsa Zsa’s left pupil.

Through her right eye, she could see her fellow students in the meat chamber, grisly things hanging from hooks, patients already congealing in erectoplasm pools elsewhere in Hell. But her left eye saw a vast, dark plain of shadow.

A cold breeze, more like the memory of wind on her flesh than real air, real skin.

The darkness was divided by light.

By lightning.

She saw darkness divided by light through her left eye, and the meat chamber in the other. Nothing moved in the meat chamber, her fellow students as still as statues.

The lightning arced... and froze solid. At first, Zsa Zsa wondered if time itself had stopped, but the cold breeze continued to blow, and she knew that whatever she was seeing was reality. The jagged fork of lightning held, almost too bright to look at. Then there was another, another crazy spidery bolt that stitched across the darkness, and then held.

Then another. And another.

It came to her slowly, the enormity almost too much for conscious thought. The lightning. What it was.

It looked like cracks in the sky.

It WAS cracks in the sky.

The sky was false, a domed ceiling, across which cracks were appearing, cracks through which an intense incandescence shone. The light of Heaven shining through the shattered shell of the physical universe.

The thin, ragged edges of the lightning cracks were slowly edging together, creeping to form large patches of darkness that were barely held aloft.

In roaring thunder, a chunk of the sky as huge as continents sloughed away, dreadful and slow, making the cosmos quake.

When you die, your final thought lasts for all time as your own span runs out.

She saw...

Only later did Zsa Zsa manage to put words to what she saw—or at least attempted to. It was like one of those pictures that went into forever; like on the front of a cereal box, you had a cartoon character eating a big bowl of sugar-Styrofoam, and on the breakfast table was a box of that cereal... and on the front of that box was the same scene in miniature, the same character, the same dead eyes and false grin and brimming bowl, and on the table of that picture was a box of the cereal which had the same picture again... the same picture, smaller and smaller, receding forever.

She saw someone, a human, anyone. They were playing with a model train set, only it wasn't a model train set at all, but their life; the geography of their soul, their memories rendered in exquisite dioramas, built over the years, growing and growing.

This person was not alone; they were surrounded by a sea of others, millions of humans, male and female, of all races, stooped over their own model lives. Some took great care over their models, working with care, whilst others ruined theirs, screaming as they brought their fists down again and again, smashing in idiot glee.

Zsa Zsa saw more, that most of these people had—amidst the dioramas that represented their achievements and losses in life, the important thing that made them who they were—other models. Models of their children, each stooped over, working on their own models.

Sometimes—often, too often—one person at work would suddenly scream and bring their fist down on one of these tiny models, ruining them forever.

That was what made Zsa Zsa think of those pictures in pictures in pictures, when she realized that the children were not models, but were themselves creating their own rendered landscapes. And she saw that it never stopped, that each child would go on to have children of their own, tinier models, smaller and smaller, all the children they in turn would have, and they in turn would have children, and they would, and...

All of humanity, unaware, bent over their models, were merely models on a much larger scale. They were all just parts of something larger.

In that place that was not a place, Zsa Zsa looked up and saw the creator.

Around His head swarmed angels, like flies, alien angels that were vast enough to swallow whales, but were like flies to Him. His screams were the background noise of the universe, idiot glee in His empty, eternal eyes as He brought His fists down again and again and again...

"...eye."
The other students were looking at her expectantly.
"Fuck," she whispered.
Then she passed out.

CHAPTER XIII
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

BIBBIDIBOBBIDIBU regularly wrote letters to her grandfather, so they chose her to do the deed. She had the best handwriting, knew the longest words, and could actually read and write, which none of the others could: Dro)))ne said he preferred to dictate to a secretary, El Pendejo said reading was for faggots, and Zsa Zsa's tour through the education system had taught her all about glory holes, but not how to decipher the graffiti around them.

"Didn't you say you collected racist kids' books?" asked the imp.

Zsa Zsa shrugged. "I just looked at the pictures. Maybe if I had learned to read, my life wouldn't have been total shit."

They had fashioned a pen from a broken finger bone, and laid out a sheet of skin upon which to write.

Bibbidibobbidibu closed her eyes, composed in her mind. She dipped the finger bone into a torn open heart, inking from a puddle of blood in one exposed chamber, and mouthed a phrase or two to see how they felt in her mouth. Then she began to write:

Dear Mr. Rhadamanthus,

We could write an essay that somehow sums up the personal revelations that each of us has had during our time spent in each other's company, but the truth is that we have learned sweet fuck all. Each one of us is made of exactly the same shit as everything else, because shit is all there is. The universe is just a toilet for the infinite infant called God to play in, wallowing in Its own crap and piss and vomit and cum, using Occam's

razor to carve up Its arms and legs and face, a disgusting plea for attention as It sobs in endless, sickening self-pity.

We'll pray for you,
Signed:
An imp... a demon... a fallen angel... mankind.

After he had finished reading it, Mr. Rhadamanthus scowled at the students with all of his faces.

"And what the fuck is this supposed to be?" he snarled, brandishing the blood-scratched skin at them. "Hmm? Do tell, what the fuck is this supposed to be?"

"A distraction," said Dro)))ne who had snuck up behind him. The fallen angel wrapped all four of his arms around the teacher to hold him tight as the imp and the unicorn demon bound the struggling judge, jury, executioner with lengths of intestine.

Zsa Zsa stepped in front of the totem pole of snarling faces, each throwing insults and threats at the students. Each one of those faces was as nearly familiar to her as her own. She hefted a thigh bone, held it like a baseball bat, like she was just about to knock one out of the park.

"Guess what this is?" she said. "Actually, I'll tell you. It's a club."

She swung. The third face up took the full force of the swing in the teeth, which shattered everywhere. All thirteen mouths howled.

Zsa Zsa adjusted her stance and got ready to swing again.

"It's a breakface club, Daddy," she said, and swung.

EPILOGUE
AFTER GRADUATION

DRO)))NE went up for cheerleading tryouts again. He did not make the cut, but was chosen to wear the costume of the school mascot, a three-headed hellhound called Aleister Growley. Upon graduating, he stole the costume and applied to the Invisible Friends Assignment Agency, who set him up with a pyromaniac five-year-old in Encino, CA.

EL PENDEJO quit the 'bate team and changed his major to Torment. After dropping out, he got a job as a pastry chef in the infernal circle devoted to sins of gluttony, and eventually went on to open a Hell-wide

chain of lucha libre-themed fried chicken restaurants, Leghorn Leg-Lock's Choke Hold Chicken.

BIBBIDIBOBBIDIBU graduated with honors and went straight into the family business, tempting people into trading their souls for ironic wishes. Her adventures in the human world of tempting people became the basis for a series of successful children's books, movies, video games, and many other related media artifacts, starting with the fantastic Try Before You Die, ghostwritten by Kevin Sweeney.

ZSA ZSA went on to pursue a successful career as a tutor at the college after a short stint working for the Department of Infernal Affairs, quickly becoming one of The Depth's most feared and savage monsters (though others tried to blight her career by pointing out that in this respect she had the unfair advantage of coming from the species which had perfected such insane horrors as ethnic cleansing, child soldiers, sex slavery, and the potential for complete nuclear annihilation of all life).

"Hell is empty and all the devils are here."
-William Shakespeare, The Tempest

FAIREST ONE OF ALL
Bibbidibobbidibu

"WUT WOOD U WISH 4?"

This was the text message that had interrupted Dorian as she got herself ready for school. She did not know who it was from, and did not really care; when Dorian Rowling—an otherwise ordinary English school girl—was putting her face on, the whole world could have gone up in flames and she would not have noticed.

She had woken up two hours ago. That was how long it took for her to get ready. She had slept with a facial cream the colour and texture of dog vomit spread on her face, her eyes kept moist under two slices of cucumber. She had cleaned this off before taking her shower. In her shower, she had used two different and very expensive body creams, a chemical scrub, a deep cleanser for her pores, as well as shampoo and conditioner to make her

long red hair (of which she was particularly proud) lush and smooth and silky and bouncy and shiny.

Then she got dressed. She hated this part, because a school uniform is very hard to make your own. You could knot your tie differently than other people, and roll the sleeves up, but there was not much you could really do in order to show off how special you are.

The clothes annoyed her; she tended to just dump them in a big pile when she was done, even though her mum asked, told, begged her to put them in the laundry basket. Dorian just kept making her mounds of dirty washing and ignored the basket.

But she did have her makeup.

Her collection sat on her dresser. Her dresser was dominated by the three huge mirrors that curved around it so that Dorian could see herself from every angle and make sure that she did not miss an inch and that no hair was out of place.

Her makeup took up every tiny amount of space. Here were her lipsticks, more colours than a dark rainbow. There were her foundations, her blushes, her eye and lip liners and moisturisers. Cluttered amongst all these tubes and pots of brightly-coloured chemical goo were the “tools”, as she thought of them: tweezers for plucking, curlers for curling, fashion magazines full of women who made broomsticks look fat, other odd little items that looked more like they were for torturing than for beautification. Dorian’s phone with its odd text message was in this mess as well... but she was still putting the finishing touches on.

How did she get all this filth to smear on her face?

Dorian got everything she wanted by first asking her mum. When her mum said no, Dorian told her that she hated her and wished she lived with her dad. If that did not work, she simply waited until the weekend and asked her dad. If he said no, Dorian would tell him she hated him, and that she hated mom as well because neither of them would give her what she wanted.

In the end, she always got what she wanted.

Dorian stopped and examined herself very carefully, turning her head this way and that very slowly, staring at her reflection.

“Mirror, mirror,” she murmured. It was a little ritual, to pretend she was talking to the magic mirror from Snow White.

Then, when she was satisfied that she could stop a train with a casual flick of her head, she grabbed her school bag and tried to leave the house.

Her mum caught her at the front door.

"You aren't going anywhere until you have something to eat," her mum said, pointing to the kitchen.

Dorian sighed, rolled her eyes.

"But mum, I'll get fat," she whined.

Her mum, a tired-looking woman, shook her head.

"It isn't healthy, skipping breakfast," she said. "And fat? You barely eat enough to stay alive! I'm worried about you, and," she held up a finger when Dorian tried to butt in, "I've talked to your dad about this, and we agree... for once. You have to eat a decent breakfast, as I'm certain you don't eat at school. No arguments, and don't think you can play us off each other on this one. This is important. You don't listen to me when I ask you not to dump all your clothes in a heap, but on this you will listen, right?"

And Dorian's mum pointed at the kitchen.

Dorian shrugged.

"Fine, I'll have some cereal," she said. "We have skim milk right?"

Her mum was shocked that she had agreed so easily.

"Yes, of course... OK, a bowl of cereal. I'm going to get ready for work now. No tricks; I expect to see an empty bowl before you leave, and I'll be checking the bin, so don't even think about just throwing some cereal away."

Mum held her finger up one more time, making her point.

Dorian trotted into the kitchen. She fetched milk from the fridge and cereal from the cupboard. She didn't recognise the cereal; it was called Checkers, and had a picture of an imp on the box. Shrugging, she poured herself a bowl.

Dorian was going to eat a bowl of the stuff—she had not lied to her mum about that—but as soon as she got to school she was heading straight to the toilet to puke it up. No way was she getting fat because of her stupid old mum.

In her cereal was an odd card, black with white writing on it. That was weird. Interested, she plucked it up and read what it said:

"She thrusts her fists against the posts and still insists she sees the ghosts," Dorian repeated. "What's that supposed to mean? Stupid..."

She heard a ripping noise, like something being torn in half; curtains, perhaps. She looked down at the cereal box on the kitchen counter. The sound had come from the imp on the box pulling itself off the cover and into the real world, just stepping through from being flat to being 3D, a fairy tale creature with wings and black eyes that had white pupils.

Dorian said nothing. What she saw stopped all the cogs in her brain, stopped them turning as she watched the impossible.

The imp shook itself, like a dog when it comes in from the rain.

"I hate that bit," it said. "Makes Bibbi feel all ooky... and what are you staring at?"

It had spoken to her. Dorian's brain told her mouth to answer.

"You," she said.

The imp nodded.

"Ah, Bibbi's going to assume that you're in shock rather than just plain dumb. So... you summoned me by saying the words of summoning, and now you have the right to make a try-before-you-buy wish. Basically, you can have anything that you want, no strings, for a day and a night, and at the end of that time you can decide to keep it and lose your soul, or have everything return to normal. Simple, yes?"

Dorian's shock was quickly being replaced with her greed.

"Anything I want?!" she asked quickly.

The imp planted its hands on its hips and looked at Dorian in an interested way.

"Hello, we've got a live one here," she said with a pointy grin.

Dorian already knew what she wanted.

"And I just wish? Out loud?"

The imp nodded.

Dorian took a breath.

"I wish," she said slowly, "that I was the most beautiful person in the world."

Bibbidibobbidibu held her thumbs up and crossed one over the other, then the second over the first.

"Wish granted," she said.

Dorian clapped her hands, laughed.

"I've got to see this..." she said, meaning to run for the door and head out into the world. But she stopped when a horrible howling came from upstairs. The howling was long and loud and did not seem possible to come

from human lungs; Dorian felt the skin of her back flare up, as if a claw had brushed it.

Her mum.

The imp was laughing, a sound like distant, cracked bells.

Dorian put two and two together.

“What did you do?” she asked, almost having to shout to be heard above the awful sounds her mom was making.

“Have you ever heard the saying,” the imp asked wickedly, “that beauty is only skin deep?”

Dorian’s feet were taking her out of the kitchen. Her body was telling her to run. Her mum’s howling was moving up above; she was heading for the stairs, and Dorian did not want to see what came down the steps.

She ran for the front door.

Outside, the whole street echoed with the sounds of people in despair. Dorian spun around, trying to decide which way she should run, where she could escape. Up the street she saw some people in red clothes stumbling around.

The imp landed on Dorian’s shoulder.

“They say that beauty is only skin deep,” whispered Bibbidibobbidibu.

The people in the red clothes had turned around and seen her, and Dorian had seen that they were not wearing red clothes at all.

They were red.

The red people came stumbling, running towards Dorian, leaving red foot prints.

Their flesh was like road maps; red and blue tracks—their veins and arteries—running up and down their exposed, glistening muscles.

The imp sniggered.

“To make you the most beautiful person in the world,” it said, “was easy; all these other humans? Why, Bibbi just peeled them.”

The skinned people were still running towards her, and Dorian finally turned to flee from them when... she saw the mountain.

She briefly thought about her mum asking her not to dump all her clothes in a big heap.

This was similar.

There was a sticky mountain covering half the city, white in parts, black in others, and red, red, red all over.

Why, Bibbi just peeled them...

Dorian screamed and vomited at the same time when she understood what she was looking at, spraying undigested cereal all down her front.

Well, she had intended on puking up her breakfast anyway when she got to school...

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

El Pendejo

IT was almost time for the grand opening.

Santa Muerte, he was nervous!

El Pendejo had opened a thousand of his Leghorn Leg-Lock's Choke Hold Chicken stores across the abyss. He had locations in every circle of the inferno, conveniently placed for busy torturers to grab some greasy chow on the go. He had franchises in the food courts of every mall in every city from Dis to New Sodom. El Pollo Loco, the restaurant's official mascot, was as widely recognized as the Marquis de Sade.

But this, today, was different from all of those other openings, a bigger event than the opening of a Choke Hold Chicken as an anchor store for any particular malebolge, an even bigger deal than the opening of the first drive-thru on the Road to Hell itself (which now was not only paved with good intentions, but choked with fast food trash, discarded chipotle wrappers like urban tumble weeds).

Today was the opening of the very first Choke Hold Chicken on a different dimensional plane...the first opened on Earth itself.

It wasn't the competition that had him on edge. He knew that the Earth market for shitty food was rabid, but the challenge was something he relished. When he was younger, he had joined the 'bate team for the rush of matching his strength and cunning against other Alpha males. Violence of any sort—including the dog eat dog world of business—was his drug of choice, and he was looking forward to letting some corporate blood flow, salivated at the thought of destroying empires built up over decades. Vicious undercutting, headhunting staff, industrial espionage, sabotage, smear campaigns; the unicorn demon had created his monopoly in Hell by perfecting each of these.

No, what had him on edge was the one detail out of his control freak grasp...

He cast his gaze around the restaurant for the ten thousandth time, checking everything.

The serving counter was virgin, just waiting to be smeared with grease and hot sauce and spilled sodas, all traded for filthy lucre, lucre for lucha libre-themed, reheated, mechanically-recovered meat products. At the touch screen idiot-proof cash registers stood a rank of minimum wage slaves, outfitted in lucha libre outfits of spandex, capes, and masks; not only to fit the theme of the place, but also to "humiliate and degrade the dignity of their humanity."

The demon rolled that phrase around in his mouth. It was from his old friend Zsa Zsa, who not only had helped inspire the chain with her tales of the black miracle of "fast food" in a detention years before, but who had also offered pointers all along the way as El Pendejo built his empire.

He still remembered when she had first explained about Earth's fast food restaurants; about lousy food, about staff who hated their jobs, about kid's meals, and how sometimes lunatics would walk in and shoot everyone.

It was at her suggestion that he had decorated the place with the kind of shit that people who knew nothing about lucha libre wrestling would expect in a lucha libre-themed wrestling restaurant. It was Zsa Zsa who explained that the amount of money people would hand over for lousy food was directly proportional to the amount of "fun" they could believe they were having as they shoveled salt, fat, and sugar delivery systems into their faces.

At the start, El Pendejo had thought the food business had to do with food.

I can't believe how dumb I was, he thought, walking between booths designed to look like wrestling rings.

It was Zsa Zsa who told him to serve chicken. This was after deciding the theme of the place, as the theme was so much more important than whatever crap was being sold as food.

"But chica, what has chicken got to do with wrestling?" he had asked.

"Nothing. But people are fucking crazy for chicken."

"I doan know, Zee..."

She held up three fingers and counted on them. "Lucha libre is Mexican wrestling," she said. "People only know three things about

Mexico: beaners are lazy, the drug cartels kill each other with chainsaws, and they love cockfighting."

El Pendejo smiled at the memory. There was a replica of Zee's old c-saw above the entrance of every one of his restaurants. She had had to explain the cockfighting part to him, as the kind of cockfighting he had done at the academy was very different from the bloodsport enjoyed by humans.

Not that Zsa Zsa was the only one of his old friends who had helped; in order to secure Satan's approval for opening on Earth, the unicorn demon had killed two birds with one stone.

Bibbidibobbidibu was already the star of a media franchise based on a book of her adventures tempting souls; Satan's granddaughter was perfect for a kid's meal tie-in deal. Satan went for it, being all about nepotism, and El Pendejo had a major endorsement from the get-go.

He had one of the toys in his pocket, one of the toys given away with the kid's meals. It was a rubber model of the imp; when you squeezed it, she stuck her tongue out.

Lil' Bee has come a long way, too, he thought, remembering the shy imp who had stumbled over her words. She couldn't come to the opening because she had work, souls to collect in exchange for horrifically ironic twists. During the phone call when she told him she had to tempt, the demon unicorn had managed to ask a question he had often wondered about:

"Hey Bee, I gots to ask you…why the tempting?"

"Umm, you've lost Bibbi. Last time she checked, she wasn't a fucking mind reader."

She had changed; she'd gotten an attitude. But El Pendejo liked his women with a little fire in their bellies.

"Well, it's like this—all humans go to Hell, right?"

"Someone paid attention in class."

"So why the tempting thing? I mean, offering them a wish for their souls, when their souls are already fucked, I don't get it."

"Ah, Bibbi understands now," the imp said. "It's pretty simple, really. It's the same reason why Grandfather invented all the religions the mortals have: false hope. Remember, Penny, they don't know they're

damned, and so they throw away their lives—the only things they really have—for nothing. The whole ‘soul’ bit is misdirection.”

The kid’s meals were a stroke of genius. Half the food at nearly twice the cost. And, even better, the crappy toys were made by slave children in Asia.

Kid’s toys made by child labor, the unicorn demon smirked to himself. Who said this demon don’t know irony?

“It’s time, sir.”

El Pendejo came out of his reverie to find the store manager tapping his watch.

The demon had hand-selected Mr. Soames himself. The guy was an insufferable asshole who would make every employee’s shift a joyless drudge, the kind of man who could find fault with everything and still believe himself to be completely reasonable. The kind of man who would count the fries in any serving and, if it didn’t meet the stipulated average number as outlined in the employee’s handbook, would issue a written reprimand and arrange a one-on-one meeting to address such a serious lapse in food service protocol.

Mr. Soames blinked behind thick glasses.

“We’re now a minute behind opening for our advertised hours, sir,” he said.

El Pendejo laughed.

“Alright then! Rev up those fryers and unbolt the doors, Choke Hold Chicken is open for business!”

There was a crowd pressing at the plate glass of the doors, and the moment Mr. Soames pulled the latch, they surged forward, a blubbery tsunami of humanity, little more than life support systems for the digestive tracts that commanded them to CONSUME.

Driven almost insane by an over-hyped marketing campaign of billboards, TV commercials, radio spots and internet viral marketing saturation, rabid with subliminal prompts, irritated to fever pitch by earworms, the restaurant could have served deep fried shit and priced it like gold-plated caviar.

Which in a way was exactly what was happening.

Everything was going like clockwork. El Pendejo felt himself relaxing a little. The transition from the market of Hell to Earth hadn’t been such big

a deal, largely thanks to the help he had received from his old friends; Zsa Zsa knew all about fast food and Bibbi's name had drawn in the crowd.

The demon unicorn smiled in satisfaction. There was just one last detail...

A figure in a long, black trench coat had entered and stood stock-still and silent amidst the feeding orgy until, as if prompted by unseen voices, he pulled out a pump-action shotgun and blew the head off an elderly Asian lady gobbling a twelve pack of nacho nuggets.

Her skull exploded sideways, splattering the family sitting at the next table.

There was a moment when nobody did anything. Then the cattle seemed to sense the butcher in their midst, and panicked.

Rushing to get away from the man with the gun, patrons screamed and shouted and attempted to escape. All decency, all norms of behavior were abandoned as people shoved at each other, pulled each other down in their mad scramble for the exit. A red-headed little girl with taped glasses, all of five years old, lost her mommy's hand and fell, and in the next moment her own father stomped on her throat, not seeing her, eyes only on the doors.

The man with the shotgun turned to the family splattered with old lady brains. Mom tried to shield her twin boys; three kills from one shell. Dad tried to get up, face twisted with rage, and took a blast to the guts, opening him up, the scent of gunpowder, coppery blood, and the sweet sewage of undigested food bursting out. When he slumped down, the gunner vaporized everything from his eyebrows up.

An elderly couple at the door tried pushing when they should have pulled, and got body slammed by the herd so hard that the glass cracked, crushed to death.

El Pendejo watched everything unfolding, standing beside a life-size cardboard cutout of Bibbidibobbidibu. The gunman glanced at him; El Pendejo gave the fallen angel a thumbs up. Dee had the experience for this gig, but it was something that Zee had said that inspired the massacre.

He had wanted his new store to be Earth-authentic.

Authentic right down to the lunatic on a killing spree.

She was bound tightly, unable to move or resist as Reese rubbed his growing erection through his jeans and prepared to lose his virginity.

It was a melancholy moment for Dro)))ne . Reese was his first ward after joining the agency, and the rules stated that, come adolescence, they all had to leave their assigned children. As soon as they had sex the contract was over.

Dro)))ne had grown almost fond of Reese. Though it may seem odd, he had found a genuine affinity with the meat puppet. Reese was a pyromaniac, profoundly disturbed, glorying in the heat and brightness of consuming flames. Dro)))ne had known the light of Heaven and the inferno of Hell, from angel to fallen, and he too wished to see the world burn.

Though not academically sharp—truth to tell, he was mentally sub-normal—Reese was a quick study when it came to combustion, and Dro)))ne was more than happy to teach him.

“Remember the crem’, Reese?” the fallen angel whispered to him.

After breaking in, after getting to the foot of the bed, the boy's courage had faltered, so Dro)))ne sought to stoke him, enflame his lust until he did the deed and officially ended their time together. Dro)))ne was eager for the next young mind to warp, sad as he was to be leaving my little firebug.

Ugh, thought the fallen angel, I knew I was going soft, giving him a pet name. Firebug. Double ugh. I've been around humanity for too long.

The crem’ was an abandoned deep freezer discovered one night after the sounds of mom fucking one of Reese’s “uncles” got to be too much. Dro)))ne had put Reese’s disturbed mindset down to his mom having let an “uncle” spend some time alone with the boy as she made a liquor store run.

Strangely enough, child abuse did not count as sex, so there was no loophole there.

The angel and the arsonist had found the freezer in the alley behind Koontz’s Auto Parts. The door was still attached, in contrivance to strict state law that stipulated the hinges were to be removed prior to disposal.

Reese wasn’t an ideas kid, which was part of why Dro)))ne had been assigned to him. He had potential, but he needed guidance. It was Dro)))ne who suggested Reese could burn things in it. Drill a few holes to let the oxygen in and you had your own crematorium.

Guidance given, it wasn’t long before a lot of neighborhood pets went missing.

“Yeah, the crem’,” said Reese, still rubbing at his crotch. The memory had the right effect, and soon he was unzipped and spitting in his palm. His cock had swollen to its full size, the long fat shaft bulging with veins, a tiny teardrop of pre-cum at the tip catching the moonlight through the window. Fifteen years old: young, dumb, and full of dick snot.

At last, after many awkward attempts, the boy was finally going to get his hole. Dro))ne would soon be moving on to the next young mind to warp, the next life to ruin.

Of course, Reese had tried approaching girls at school, but was clumsy in the steps of human mating rituals, even when Dro)))ne muttered witticisms in his ear. Dro)))ne had had even suggested a hooker, but then came another problem, the big problem: the sight of the whore's naked body had not had the desired physical effect. Reese had stolen “Uncle” Clyde’s billfold to pay for the bitch and the motel room, and when he found out had ended up punching out two of Reese’s permanent teeth.

Flesh was not as elegant a matter as spirit, and as a creature of pure spirit, having gratefully never known the horror of a meat shell, Dro)))ne was at a loss for sage advice. But being a superior being, he quickly hit upon a solution; it came as Reese was incinerating a pair of teacup chihuahuas in the crem’, masturbating furiously as the little dogs screamed.

Dro)))ne knew exactly the kind of female meat puppet to set the boy up with.

And so here they are, Reese mounting the bed as the girl wakes up, confused at first, and then terrified. She tries to scream, but her throat is too scarred, her lungs too blackened for much more than a wheeze. Her bandages prevent her from resisting as he stuffs his cock into the melted and twisted scar tissue of her cunt.

Dro)))ne looked on with a mixture of pride and disgust. He wondered if the meat puppets had any idea how comical they looked as they rutted.

He struck a match.

“Goodbye, Reese,” Dro)))ne muttered, and then Our Lady of Hope’s specialist burns ward began to melt and twist from reality, like a photograph curling in a fire.

PLAGIARISM
Zsa Zsa

She rolled his foreskin back to expose the bell-shaped end of his penis, the glans, and then she took the envelope of the valentine card she had bought—a Hallmark one, no less, no expensse spared—and quickly drew it across the tight, shiny, super-sensitive purple skin, giving him a paper cut where a man's nerves are bunched tightest together.

He howled against his gag.

"The Chinese had a way of killing a man," she told him, "by cutting him with knives, over and over and over again. Death by a thousand cuts."

The edge of the paper sliced over the tip of his penis again. And again. And again. The cuts were so fine that the corpuscles of his blood could barely fit through. His pupils had contracted to pinpoints, even before she selected from the ingredients she had bought to make him a special dinner: salt, lemon juice, fresh cut chili peppers...

How could he forget Valentine's?

"Too subtle."

The enamel was all shattered now, leaving only the micro-fine filaments of the nerves exposed, dangling like frayed electrical wires in a condemned building.

"I asked you to please refrain from eating onions before our appointments," the dentist said. "I asked you quite often. I can't stand onions... but truth to tell, I've been under a lot of stress lately."

The patient was still in the grip of the muscle relaxant, so he could not even scream. He could hear and see, and he could definitely feel, but his body was useless, slack, like a marionette with its strings cut.

"A lot of stress... your complete disregard for my small request is just the straw that broke the camel's back..."

With all the teeth chipped away—only a few shards of white jutted from the bloody mess of the gums—the dentist used a pair of toenail cutters to gently pinch an exposed nerve. He pulled it tight, tighter, plucked it like the string of a guitar. Then he clipped it off. One by one, he clipped off each tendril of pink pulp.

The agony had driven his patient insane long before he got to the lower jaw.

“No, requires too much patience.”

...vomiting shit, wiped his mouth and said, ‘Got any more?’... “skip skip skip” ...fifteen inch cock wrapped in razor wire... “skip skip skip” ...popped her lungs like party balloons...

“Pedestrian.”

The eight-foot-tall redneck hillbilly mutant was groping his double-headed erection.

“Aw, Gramma, y’all always get me hard,” he said, swallowing her amputated...

“Cannibalistic GMILF incest torture is so last month.”

Something nudged her leg; she looked down to see Xylophone looking up at her expectantly. Her pet skeleton had no arms, no pelvis, no legs, he was just a skull and spine and a ribcage, scuttling around like a spider on rib-legs. His leash was gripped between his teeth. He wagged his coccyx hopefully.

“ I’ll take you out for your walk in a second, let me just get done here...”

Zsa Zsa idly stacked and re-stacked the piles of books, occasionally opening one to a random page, hoping for something to engage her attention. They were dog-eared paperbacks of splatterpunk horror, sporting lurid covers and seemingly endless blurbs by no-name hack writers loudly proclaiming that THIS book was the most brutal, extreme, hardcore shit ever written. What they actually were, though, was misogynistic wanking fodder for basement-dwellers, what little plot each book possessed little more than an excuse for the writers to scrawl what were obviously revenge fantasies based on their own inadequate attempts to create meaningful connections in the real world. Zsa Zsa at least conceded the titles were a sort of poetry:

Meth Whore Massacre

I Drown You In Shit

Nazi Sasquatches Eat the World

That last one made her smile; due to a clerical error, Sasquatches kept being mistaken for humans, and so now there were quite a few in Hell. Maybe they could reenact scenes...

It was then something caught her eye.

She picked it up and started to read:

The cartel's cycles of extreme violence had become a closed loop of double-crosses ending in decapitation by chainsaw, until possibly the only atheist in Mexico—the drug lord Montequilla, a man who had even spat on an image of the divine Santa Muerte—took things to an entirely different level. Inspired by the disgusting gluttony of the Americans north of the border, he had arranged a particularly brutal punishment for the latest hostages claimed in the gang wars.

An eating contest, just like in the US where they called it a "sport" to stuff their bellies with pies and hot dogs and clam cakes, cheering even as contestants vomited up enough ruined food to feed a family in most parts of the world.

Only instead of food, Montequilla had arranged for the bastards to eat abortions.

The contest was done by rounds of elimination; each round, the person who had eaten the fewest would be beheaded alive. Then the next round would begin, and again, the one who ate the least number of terminated embryos would be killed. This would go on until everyone was murdered. When only one remained, they, too, would be slaughtered like an animal. The prize for surviving a round was the chance to win another few minutes of life.

The embryos had been bought cheap from China. Many were horribly deformed, exposed in utero to dangerous chemicals as their parents worked in toxic factories manufacturing cheap electronics for the West. Fetuses with enormous encephalitic heads, fetuses born without skin, fused limbs, external organs gaping from their anuses; the hostages had to eat them all.

They ate with their hands, sobbing in horror as unset bones split between their teeth, heads burst as they bit into them, tiny limbs seemed almost to wriggle as they were swallowed. Chewing until tiny bellies exploded, hearts and livers and intestines flooding across their tongues.

The contest was rigged, of course, so that the head of the rival cartel, Luis Hernandez Cisco, made it through to the final round.

Montequilla had something special for him: Cisco's heavily pregnant wife.

Montequilla cut her open in a parody of a caesarean.

He pulled the screaming baby boy out of the ruined crater of the womb and asked Cisco how hungry he was.

And then he had fucked the newborn up the ass. Montequilla explained that this was another American thing; he was filling it with “special sauce”.

Cisco choked to death as he was force-fed his own semen-stuffed son..

“Perfect.”

Zsa Zsa finally had her lesson plan ready, having cribbed most of the police report for “inspiration”. Satisfied, she put Xylophone’s leash on him and took him for a walk along the banks of the Styx.

Truth may or may not have been stranger than fiction, but it was definitely a million times more horrifying.